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THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 532.—Vol. XXI.

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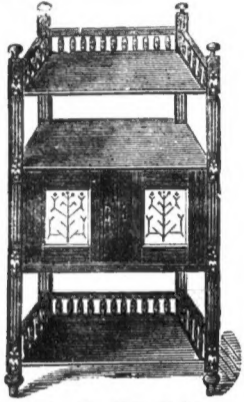
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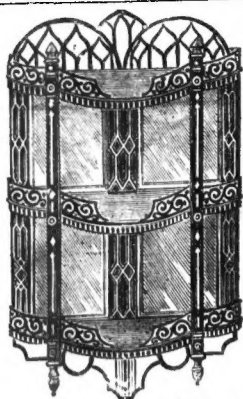
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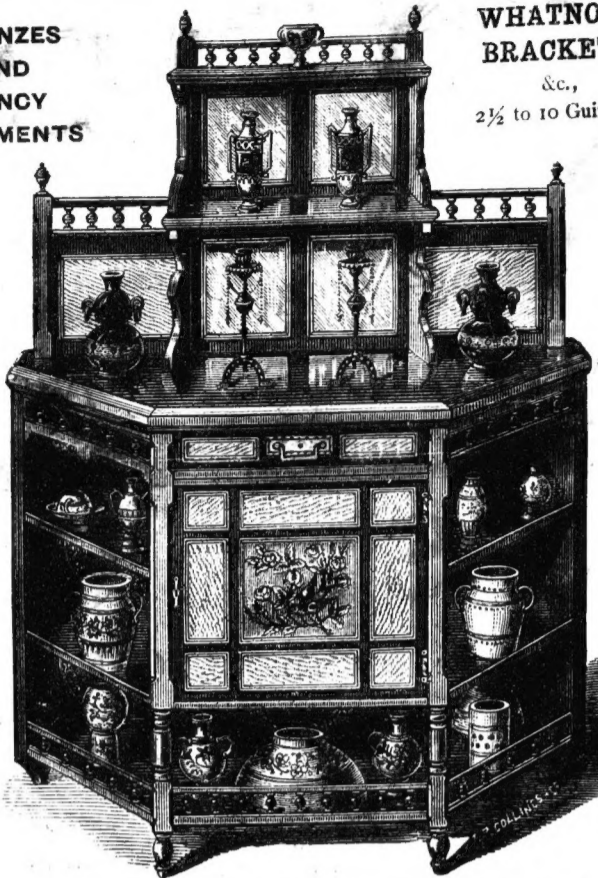


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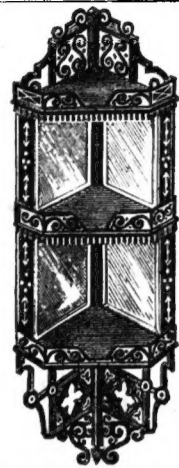
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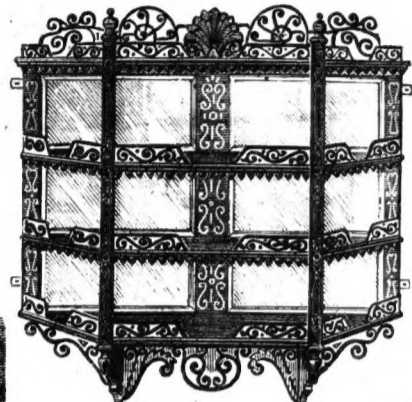
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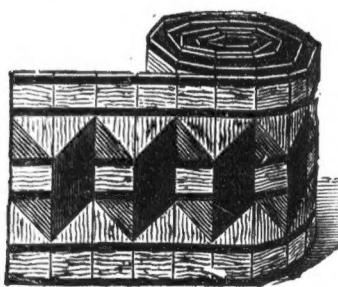
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THE CAPTURE OF A SPIRIT

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Topics of the Week

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—Most people expect that this Session, the last of the present Parliament, will be of a stormy character, and that it will be characterised rather by copious speech-making than by diligent legislation. There are several reasons for this anticipation. It is one of the defects, and apparently an inevitable defect, of our Constitutional system, that a moribund Parliament is a very indifferent law-making machine. Members who hope to be re-elected keep their eyes nervously fixed on their constituencies, in all they say or do they have the ballot-box before their thoughts, and this state of feeling assuredly does not conduce to the sober deliberation which results in successful legislation. Then, to judge from the bitter tone of the multitudinous partisan utterances of the last few months, there is a more complete divergence of opinion between the great political parties than is usual in this country; and although this partisan virulence is displayed rather by professed politicians than by the public at large, who in truth are weary of these reiterated recriminations, the rancour felt by the party out of office may induce them, though we sincerely hope they will refrain from such unpatriotic conduct, to thwart the Government in their endeavours to pass measures which are utterly unconnected with party politics. Lastly, there are the Home Rulers. If they are wise, they will refrain from annoying John Bull just when he is trying to help their distressed countrymen, but we are not all sure that they will be wise, and we know that they can make themselves very troublesome. Bearing these circumstances in view, the Queen's Speech becomes a document of comparatively slender interest. There are no surprises in it; it contains exactly what everybody expected it would contain. Except the announcement that Her Majesty has concluded a Convention with the Sultan for the suppression of the Slave Trade, and the statement that the annexation of Afghanistan is not contemplated, there is little in the foreign portion of the Speech which does not belong to past history. The idea of South African Confederation is cautiously mentioned, and may possibly mean that, Cetewayo and Sekukuni being crushed, we intend presently to withdraw our redcoats, and for the future let the South African colonists settle their own affairs with the natives. This, however, can hardly be accomplished under the existing attitude of the Transvaal Boers. The distress in Ireland is of course alluded to, and in a becoming manner; nevertheless it seems a pity that, in a document so short as is a Queen's Speech, more proportionate space was not given to Ireland, instead of taking up so much room in telling the public that which they already knew about two rather obscure and not over-glorious wars against savages or semi-savages. The list of promised measures is not numerous. It will be a disgrace to Parliament if the Criminal Code is not enacted this Session. A really satisfactory Bankruptcy Act will be a blessing, if it can be devised. Lastly, the Government will do good service if they can amend only a portion of our cumbrous and antiquated Land System, so as to enable landlord and tenant to meet the American food-producer on something like equal terms. In this reform, the simplification of the practice of Conveyancing will play an important part.

HOME RULE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.—It is to be hoped that few Parliamentary candidates will follow the example of Lord Ramsay in promising to vote in favour of an inquiry as to the expediency of Home Rule. Of course if a candidate is uncertain or not whether Home Rule would be for the good of Ireland and the Empire, he is perfectly justified in advocating an inquiry. But this is not Lord Ramsay's position. He agrees with Lord Hartington that an independent Parliament could not with safety be again established in Dublin, and his promise was given merely to secure the Irish vote. Not much harm would be done by such a course as this if the Irish understood what it meant; but this is precisely what they do not understand. Many of them take for granted that if an inquiry were instituted their object would be virtually gained, and thus they are stimulated to continue an agitation which prevents them from giving attention to practicable schemes of reform. Surely this is not acting generously or fairly towards Ireland. If there is any chance of Home Rule being conceded, by all means let "patriotic" hopes be encouraged; but if there is no chance whatever of the point being yielded, it is utterly unjust to act as if the question were an open one. It is satisfactory that in regard to this matter Lord Hartington has spoken with his usual manliness. He did not withdraw his confidence from Lord Ramsay, but he distinctly reasserted his own conviction that an inquiry could lead to no good result, and would be misleading. If his followers generally are equally decisive, we may hope by and by to see the Home Rule movement die out. The Irish people would hardly be so foolish as to go on for ever making demands which they knew would not be granted.

RUSSIAN STUDENTS AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.—Englishmen who meet Russian ladies and gentlemen beyond the dominions of the Czar are usually impressed by their apparent civilisation and refinement. They seem just like other educated people, only in some respects more accom-

plished, being frequently able to speak some half-dozen languages fluently. But this apparent civilisation is often rather a superficial varnish than a quality which penetrates the whole system of its possessor, and, at the best, it is an attribute of a very few out of the whole mass of the population. The slight impression which modern improvements have physically made on the vast bulk of Russia is typical of her intellectual and moral condition. At a Russian railway station, for example, the traveller sometimes finds conveniences and luxuries superior to those of our Mugby Junctions, but let him diverge a few miles from the main route, and he plunges into mediæval times—gloomy forests, bears, wolves, and superstitious peasants. The protest or manifesto which has just been issued by the students of the *Real* schools (which are the middle-class educational establishments) is a startling indication of the actual backwardness of Russia. It is a document which, with its strange commingling of childlike helplessness with language of bloodthirsty violence, could scarcely emanate from any of the nations of Western Europe. With regard to the grievances set forth in it, they surely might be abated without setting everything topsy-turvy. The students demand a more practical education, they denounce the "classical system" which, they say, "stifles thought and reason." In our humble opinion the greatest boon which the Government could confer on the middle classes of Russia would be—not a change in the method of education, but a simple determination to let the people alone as much as possible. As for their detested classical system, we venture to tell our Russian student friends that if it is anything like ours it will be a hard thing to kill. Here we have no Government despotism, and reformers have been for years past declaiming against the "useless dead languages," yet, in all our leading schools, Greek and Latin are being taught as sedulously as in the days of Ascham. The students' complaint of "the absence of any judicious physical exercise" is of far more practical importance. But in this matter cannot they do something to help themselves? Here in England the athletic sports and games do not form part of the school or college curriculum, they are organised by the students. We should like to see more fondness for innocent out-door games both in Russia and on the Continent generally. They would form a wholesome substitute for the soldiering propensity. In Russia, of course, the rigorous climate is an obstacle. Football would be impossible during the winter, but curling might be conveniently practised. It would not be difficult for an expert to devise a calendar of athletic games suitable to the Russian climate. Exhilarating outdoor exercise would soon work off this acrid Nihilist poison. Czar Alexander should look to this. It will do him more good than intriguing at Constantinople or Merv. Let him restrict the functions of the police and encourage games. Then, instead of issuing doleful manifestoes, the Moscow students will row a match on the Neva against the St. Petersburg students, and the Czar will be there, unguarded, to see the sport.

MR. COWEN'S SPEECH.—It is a long time since the English public have had the pleasure of reading so admirable a speech as that which Mr. Cowen delivered to his constituents last Saturday. As a mere piece of eloquence it was a masterly performance, and gives us reason to hope that the great traditions of British oratory, of which Mr. Bright was believed to be the last representative, may still be worthily maintained. Most of the Radical prints, while admitting Mr. Cowen's gifts as a speaker, have severely condemned him for the support he is accused of having extended to "the Jingoës." But to a very large number of Englishmen who have no other aim in politics than to promote the national welfare, he seemed to speak soberly and fairly. It appears to be assumed by most members of both the leading political parties that every elector is necessarily a follower of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Beaconsfield. At all times, however, a considerable section of the community has maintained an independent position, and there is no reason to suppose that this important body of electors is less powerful now than in any previous period of our history. It was to independent electors that Mr. Cowen addressed himself, and we venture to think that in his treatment of the foreign policy of the Government he perfectly expressed their views. That the Ministry have made mistakes is denied by no one; probably they themselves would frankly admit the fact. But to speak of their policy as "turbulent" and "mischievous" is simply wild exaggeration. They have erred, as Mr. Cowen insisted, rather on the side of tameness and timidity, than on that of excessive vigour. Still, the results they have achieved are considerable, and for these they deserve the thanks of every one who would not be content to see England sink to the position of a second-rate Power. Readers of the remarkable book recently published on "Russia Before and After the War" know (as every impartial observer knew before) that what Russia intended in proclaiming war against Turkey was to become predominant over the whole of Turkey. She very nearly succeeded; and if she had done so, the people of South-Eastern Europe would have been crushed under a despotism far more terrible than that of the Porte. There would have been an end for ever, or at any rate for many generations, to the aspirations not only of the Bulgarians but of the Roumanians, the Servians, the Montenegrins, and—more important, perhaps, than all—the Greeks. It is mainly to the energy of the British Cabinet, supported by Parliament and the nation, that these nationalities owe the fact that they have now a

better chance than ever of securing the advantages of just government, and Mr. Cowen deserves great credit for having emphatically asserted this truth.

NEXT YEAR'S CENSUS.—Remembering for how many centuries the world jogged on pretty comfortably without any censuses at all, if we except such primitive enumerations as those commanded by King David, we rather shrink from the suggestion of those statistical enthusiasts who want to have the census twice as often as now, namely, every five years. Of course, there are arguments in its favour. If the operation took place more frequently, it would come less as a surprise both to enumerators and to the public, and would proportionately cost less. As for the religious census, we should be glad to see it attempted in Great Britain. It is absurd that an enumeration which is made in Ireland and in the Colonies should not be made in this island. We have heard that the Whigs, who ruled the roast at a good many former censuses, dropped the religious question out of deference to some of the Nonconformist bodies, who were partly afraid of the public finding out that their numbers had declined, and were partly jealous lest a good many lukewarm religionists should be included within the comprehensive fold of the Established Church. We hope this difficulty will be surmounted, for, as somebody says, a man's religion is about the most interesting thing about him, and if any of us are such cowards as to be ashamed to say what our religion is, we ought to take a lesson from Paddy, who, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, is not ashamed to avow his faith. After all, the religious enumeration would probably be full of errors, but if this is a reason for not attempting it, we ought to do away with that far more inquisitorial question which compels a lady to state (on a document practically visible to all the inmates of the house) the date of her birth.

ENGLAND AND FOREIGN COMPLICATIONS.—An attempt is now being made by important organs of opinion in Germany to induce England to associate herself openly with the Powers of Central Europe. She is urged to declare that in the event of a great Continental war she would defend, at whatever cost, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg, and maintain the neutrality of the North Sea and the Baltic. This counsel is believed to be given at the instigation of Prince Bismarck, and if it were adopted there would be much rejoicing in Berlin and Vienna. Obviously, however, England has other considerations to take into account besides the goodwill of Germany and Austria. It is of vital importance to her—and not to her only, but to the world—that she should maintain the friendship of France; and she could scarcely expect to do this if she went out of her way to make declarations that could only be aimed at possible misdeeds of the French Government. But although it would be unwise to commit herself in this particular way, England has unquestionably at the present time a splendid opportunity of exerting her influence for the benefit of Europe. A strong sense of uneasiness pervades the Continent; the leading States are arming to the utmost extent of their power, and each regards the rest with jealousy and suspicion. Were this country ostentatiously to pursue a strictly insular policy, one of the chief barriers to an outbreak of warlike fury would be removed. All the world knows what part Great Britain once played in defence of freedom and of national independence. It was for some years believed she had ceased to interest herself in these grand objects, and the belief, whether at the time well or ill-founded, was the source of an incalculable amount of mischief. Now there is ground to suspect that England is as anxious as ever to make her voice heard on behalf of true progress, and the mere suspicion suffices to check ambitious projects. If she were to make it perfectly clear that she is alive to her responsibilities, and does not intend to evade them, it is not impossible that she might ultimately succeed in effecting an amicable solution of many questions by which peace is now threatened. Even from a party point of view the Liberals commit a serious mistake in ignoring these facts, for many sincere Liberals are alienated from them by their apparent wish to return to the exploded doctrines of "the Manchester school."

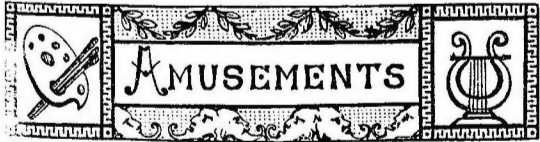
SHIFTING CARGOES.—Formerly, when the food trade from America was comparatively limited, most of the bread-stuffs were exported in the form of flour packed in barrels, or if sent as whole grain were secured in sacks. But now when half Europe looks to having its harvest deficiencies supplied from America, and when the wheat-growing area, instead of being in the Genesee Valley, New York State, has shifted almost to the centre of the Continent, every nerve is strained to solve the problem of carrying a cargo of wheat from the middle of America right across the Atlantic so cheaply as to undersell the British farmer at his own door. Hence the invention of elevators to save manual labour in loading and unloading, and hence also the system of shooting the corn in bulk, like water, into the hold of the ship. Now if the Atlantic were as smooth as a millpond, there would be no harm in this, but it is often traversed by tremendous storms, and when vessels laden with grain in bulk are caught in these gales, the cargo is apt to shift, causing the ship to founder. No less than thirteen grain-laden steamers were thus lost during 1879, and an average of twelve have been lost every year since 1875. Mr. Plimsoll, in his speech at Derby, stated that the Acts which have been passed with respect to grain cargoes are all inoperative, being easily evaded, and he proposes that all British owners shall be compelled to carry their grain in

bags. Competition is so fierce that such an enactment might merely result in the transfer of a number of ships to the American flag. Would it not be of more use if a dead-end were payable by shipowners on all lives lost on board their vessels through fire or shipwreck? At present, as ship, cargo, and freight are almost always fully insured, a total loss is often, as far as the owners are concerned, quite the reverse of a pecuniary calamity, and the destruction of a number of human lives is regarded with equanimity as one of the inevitable risks of the business of seafaring.

WOMEN'S GRIEVANCES.—The speakers at the meeting of women in Manchester on Tuesday indulged in a good deal of exaggeration as to the indifference of men to the wrongs of "the sex." Most men are sincerely anxious that every genuine grievance of women should be remedied, and within the last few years much has been done to place them in a more favourable position than they formerly occupied. It is now easier than it was some years ago for industrious women to find employment, and many girls are obtaining an education which was far beyond the reach of their mothers and grandmothers. A young lady has just been declared equal to the eighth wrangler, and her case is typical of the rapid progress that has lately been made. Still, it must be admitted that the grievances of electors are more likely to be thoroughly dealt with than those of persons who have no votes; and the ladies at the Manchester meeting were able to indicate a good many abuses about which they have just reason to complain. Probably, however, they were mistaken in supposing that their "cause" makes slight progress mainly in consequence of male opposition. That, of course, counts for something, but if women were themselves unanimous, or anything like unanimous, we believe they would have little difficulty in obtaining the suffrage. We do not doubt that a considerable number of women wish to take an active part in political life; but all the evidence seems to show that they are a very small minority. In ordinary society it is rare to meet a woman who manifests the least desire to possess a vote, and most women appear strongly to dislike the whole movement. So long as this state of things lasts, there is no hope of female suffrage being established.

CHILDREN IN GAOL.—In the discussion of prison-subjects Mr. Tallack always takes the humane side, and, we think also in most instances, the side of utility and common sense. At present, if a child is sent to an industrial school, he is conveyed thither direct, but if he is committed to a reformatory, he is first formally committed for a short period to gaol. Mr. Tallack maintains that this committal to gaol is both useless and mischievous. A terrible stigma attaches to the word "gaol bird," the first incarceration causes intense agony to the miserable little wretch, but after a time the horror and repugnance disappear, he becomes case-hardened, and is too apt to return to the prison a graduate in criminality. We ourselves should like to see Mr. Tallack's argument carried further. If the gaol-stigma is so injurious to children, it cannot be very beneficial to other first offenders who are above the age when reformatories are available. We wish prison-reformers would pay attention to this subject, and devise some punishment, of the nature of compulsory labour without total deprivation of liberty, which should be applicable, at the option of judges and magistrates, in cases where neither fine nor imprisonment appear precisely adequate penalties.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 140 and 149.—A NEW SERIAL STORY, entitled "LORD BRACKENBURY," by MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c., will be commenced in "THE GRAPHIC" next week, FEBRUARY 14, and continued weekly until completed. The Illustrations will be from the Pencil of LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.



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THE CAPTURE OF A SPIRIT

THE recent experiences of Sir George Sitwell and Mr. Von Buch will surprise no one who is at all familiar with the history of modern Spiritualism. Over and over again, both in Europe and America, have "mediums" been detected in trickery, and *seances* been rendered abortive by the adoption of some simple and obvious means of preventing imposture, and this in spite of the extraordinarily protective character of the "conditions" usually imposed upon the sitters. The two gentlemen above-named had been told by an eminent spiritualist that the *seances* of the British National Association of Spiritualists, held at 38, Great Russell Street, were the most genuine in England, and being anxious to investigate, they attended a series. At the first sitting, when the medium was tied by them as they themselves thought best, no manifestations took place, but at the second, when they bound her according to the directions of the chairman, a "spirit" called "Marie" appeared, whose voice and appearance strongly resembled those of the medium, Mrs. Corner (*née* Florence Cook). Upon this hint Sir George and his friend entered into a little conspiracy, the result of which was that at the third *seance* the medium was caught *in flagrante delicto*, she having partially undressed, and left some of her garments in the cabinet, while she walked barefooted amongst the sitters in the character of a "spirit." So much for the facts of the case, now for the explanation. Most people would say that the evidence was only too clear, and that a "spirit-mediumship," at least so far as this particular Mrs. Corner is concerned, had been proved to be imposture. But stay, let us hear what Mr. C. A. Burke, the Secretary of the Association, has to say. Firstly, the lady in question "had been completely and exhaustively tested by Mr. Crookes and many other competent (?) investigators, Mr. Crookes's experiments extending over a series of years;" and secondly, "The Association was not unaware of the fact that the most intricate bonds do not prevent the liberation, by some means, of the medium. They knew, moreover—strange as the fact may appear—that perfectly unconscious persons can be, and frequently are, made to personate and act a part wholly irrespective

of their own volition, just as the mesmerist sensitive obeys the suggestions of the mesmeriser." This in plain English means that while honest Mrs. Corner was in an unconscious trance some tricky spirit made her disrobe, wrap herself in a shadowy garment of white muslin, and walk from behind her curtain to enact the part of "Marie." If it be objected that Mrs. Corner must at least have provided herself with the muslin veil before she became "unconscious," or have received it from the hands of a confederate, we have no doubt that the reply would be that "materialising spirits" have the power of making their own clothing out of nothing. Indeed, we ourselves remember seeing at a Spiritualistic bazaar a fragment of dirty white gauze, which it was seriously affirmed had been cut from the spirit robe of a "materialised form." We are glad to believe that the craze for these absurd and somewhat irreverent attempts to lift the impenetrable curtain of futurity is becoming less fashionable. The greater number of spiritualists are so firmly wedded to their belief as to be entirely beyond the reach of reason. They challenge investigation, but at the same time impose "conditions" which deprive the sitters, sometimes entirely, and always to a great extent, of the opportunity of using their natural faculties, and even when they have everything their own way, the results are of such a puerile character that it becomes a marvel that sane men and women should waste so much time in seeking to obtain them. Two things have always struck us as being very remarkable on the Spiritualistic hypothesis (though, of course, explainable enough on the supposition of imposture): one is that, though the presence of a single sceptic has often prevented the occurrence of physical phenomena, there is, so far as we know, no instance on record of an Inspirational Medium (such as Mrs. Cora Tappan) being for one moment disturbed by even a whole congregation of disbelievers. The other is that even when the sitters are all enthusiastic believers *seances* of the first-named class frequently end in complete disappointment, while on the other hand the "spirit guides" of the "trance speakers" are always scrupulously punctual in their attendance at the advertised time.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

THE opening of the seventh and last Session of the present Parliament by Her Majesty the Queen is rendered doubly interesting by reason of the fierce party contention concerning the policy of the Government, especially with regard to foreign affairs. Some comments upon the Queen's Speech will be found in another column, and as the Address in reply to it will not be moved until these pages are in the hands of the printer, we must reserve any remarks thereon until our issue of next week.

WILLIAM HILLIER, FOURTH EARL OF ONSLOW, the mover of the address in the House of Lords, is the son of the late G. A. C. Onslow, Esq., and grand-nephew of the third Earl, who at the time of his death in 1870 was father of the House of Lords, and having been born in 1777, was a contemporary of Byron at Harrow. Lord Onslow, who was born in March, 1853, was educated at Eton and Exeter College, Oxford. He married in 1875 Florence, eldest daughter of Lord Gardner, and has one son, Richard William Alan, Viscount Cranley. His lordship is Lord High Steward of the Borough of Guildford, which place is represented in Parliament by his relative, Mr. Denzil Onslow, who in 1870 successfully contested that seat against his lordship's uncle, Mr. Guildford Onslow, who is so well known in connection with the Tichborne case. His lordship's other titles are Viscount Cranley, of Cranley, Surrey; Baron Onslow, of Onslow, Salop; and Baron Cranley of Imbercourt. He is also a Baronet.

LAWRENCE PARSONS, FOURTH EARL OF ROSSE, who seconded the Address in the Upper Chamber, is the son of the third Earl, the distinguished astronomer, whom he succeeded in 1867. He was born in 1840, married in 1870 the Hon. Frances-Cassandra Hawke, only child of Lord Hawke, and has four children. Lord Rosse bears the title of Baron Oxmantown in the peerage of Ireland, and is a Baronet, and a representative peer of that part of the United Kingdom.

HENRY HOME DRUMMOND-MORAY, M.P. for Perthshire, the mover of the Address in the House of Commons, is the son of Mr. C. S. Home Drummond-Moray, of Abercairey and Blair Drummond, by Lady Anne Georgina, daughter of the fifth Marquis of Queensberry. He was born in 1846, educated at Eton, and married in 1877 Lady Georgina Emily Lucy Seymour, daughter of the fifth Marquis of Hertford. He is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Scots Guards, to which corps he has belonged since 1866; and a Deputy Lieutenant for Perthshire, for which county he was returned to Parliament in February, 1878.

JAMES PORTER CORRY, M.P. for Belfast, who seconded the Address in the House of Commons, is the eldest son of the late Robert Corry, Esq., merchant, of Belfast. He was born in 1826, educated at Belfast College, and married in 1849 to a daughter of the late William Service, Esq., of Glasgow. He is a Justice of the Peace for Belfast, where he carries on business as a merchant and shipowner. He was elected for Belfast in 1874. Mr. Corry was appointed one of the Intermediate Education Commissioners for Ireland under the Act of 1878. He is also a justice of the peace for the county and the borough of Antrim.

Our portraits are from photographs: Lord Onslow by Lock and Whitfield, 178, Regent Street, W.; Lord Rosse by Jabez Hughes, Regina House, Ryde, Isle of Wight; Colonel Moray by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.; and Mr. Corry by James Magill, Donegall Place, Belfast.

THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION

As the moment draws nearer and nearer when the present Parliament must inevitably be dissolved through effluxion of time, every isolated election which takes place is regarded with considerable interest, as affording a test of the general feeling of the country. The contest for the vacant seat at Liverpool, however, has produced more excitement than either the Glasgow or the Sheffield elections. There are several reasons for this. Not only is partisan spirit growing keener every day, but the Radicals would esteem it a great triumph if they could wrest this seat from their opponents, inasmuch as, even in the days when Lancashire was almost solidly Liberal, and when Manchester really reflected the opinions of the so-called "Manchester School," the famous seaport on the estuary of the Mersey was staunchly Tory. In fact, as all "Dickey Sams" are aware, there was always an antagonism between the two great towns which are separated from each other by the dreary waste of Chat Moss; nor were "Liverpool gentlemen" inclined to the political dictation of "Manchester men."

However the election may go—and we are not so silly as to prophesy concerning an event whose issue will be known to our readers a few hours after this journal is in their hands—we cannot think that Liverpool affords a fair test of what is likely to take place elsewhere. The composition of the Liverpool constituency is almost unique. There are Irish Roman Catholics in all our great towns; but in Liverpool more than one-fourth of the electors belong to that "persuasion." Then there are a vast number of Ulstermen, who are Orange to the backbone, and who plump for the Tories. Then there is an immense Welsh population, inasmuch that Liverpool has been called the capital of North Wales; and though most of these Welshmen are Nonconformists and Liberals, yet some of them will be constrained to vote against such a candidate as Lord Ramsay, who, for the sake of ousting his opponents, has delivered himself—as far as a promise to vote for an "enquiry" goes—to the Papistical Home Rulers. As for the English and Scotch electors of Liverpool, they, like most of the British inhabitants of Lancashire, are not too fondly devoted to the Irish immigrants, and



WILLIAM HILLIER, EARL OF ONSLOW
Mover of the Address in the House of Lords



LAWRENCE PARSONS, EARL OF ROSSE
Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords



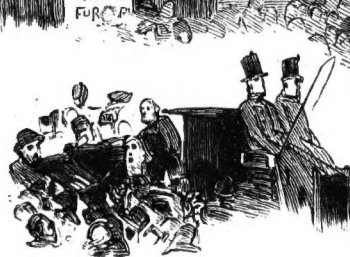
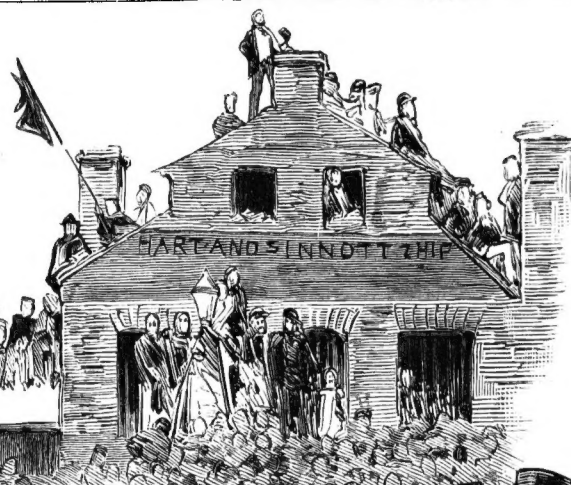
COL. HENRY EDWARD HOME DRUMMOND MORAY, M.P. FOR PERTHSHIRE
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons



MR. JAMES PORTER CORRY, M.P. FOR BELFAST
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons

M^r Whitley - Conservative

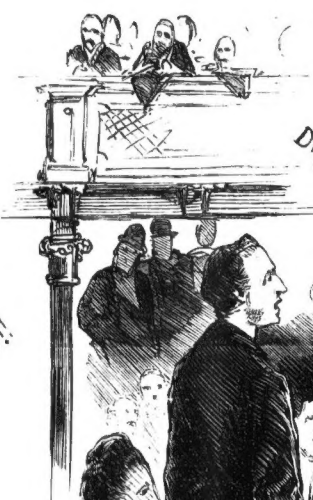
Lord Ramsay - Liberal



M^r Whitley at the Docks



Conservatives at Edge Hill



D^r Commis Home Rule



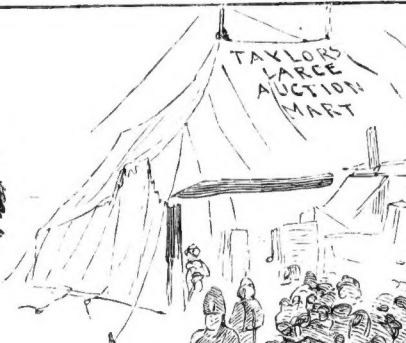
Some of the Committee



Lord Ramsay at Hope Hall



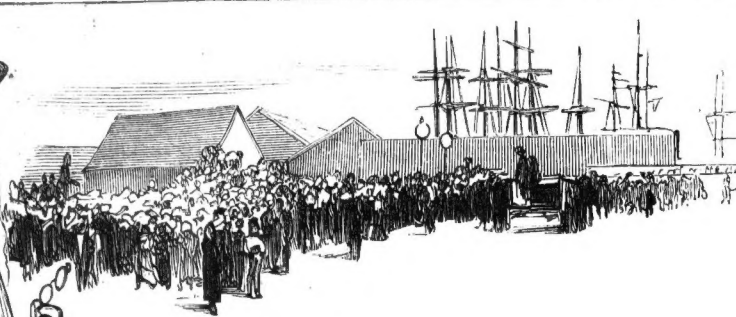
Some of the Goud



Carried



M^r Simpson at the Pier Head

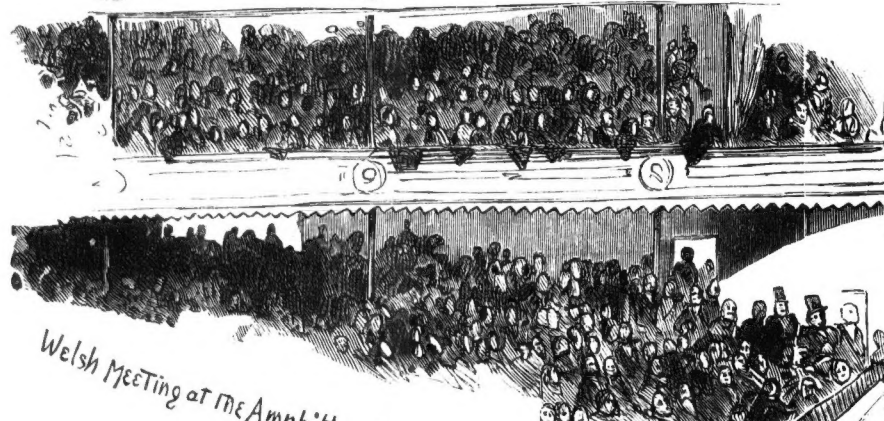


Lady Ramsay

On the platform



after son.



Welsh Meeting at the Amphitheatre

Personally, both candidates are very popular. Mr. Whitley is well known and highly respected in Liverpool; while Lord Ramsay's frank sailor-like manner has made a very favourable impression. His wife, too, has helped him considerably by taking an active part in the canvass.

Our sketches require little description. The Conservative meeting at Edge Hill on Saturday was an outdoor one, under the presidency of Mr. A. B. Forwood, formerly Mayor. The meeting on the Pier Head was convened by Mr. William Simpson, who is well known among working men for his endeavours to settle strikes, and who stood for the borough at the last election. The Welsh electors met at the Amphitheatre, where they were addressed by Mr. Osborne Morgan and others, having previously enlivened the proceedings by singing election ditties in their own language. Dr. Commins is one of the leaders of the Liverpool Home Rulers, who were also aided by the eloquence of Mr. Lysaght Finigan, M.P. Then Mr. Gladstone wrote an appeal to the Welsh electors, while Lord Sandon came and spoke energetically on behalf of Mr. Whitley. Liverpool certainly cannot complain that her electioneering proceedings have been regarded with apathy.

THIS is a sketch taken on the 24th November last with Baker Russell's column, and represents a group of wounded men of the Native Contingent, Fort Albert Edward being visible in the background. In the campaign against Sekukuni our native allies did good service, and showed that when led by Europeans they were capable of standing fire, and of acting altogether in a soldier-like manner, such as would do no discredit to disciplined white men.

THIS work, which is now being performed by the Carl Rosa Company at Her Majesty's Theatre, is an English version, from the pen of the Rev. J. Troutbeck, of Hermann Goetz's comic opera, *Widerspänstigen Jähmung. The Taming of the Shrew* is now nearly six years of age, having been originally produced at Mannheim, on the 11th October, 1874, since when it has made the tour of Germany with unvarying success. In December, 1876, it was given at Berlin, Miss Minnie Hauk being the Katharine, and she reappears in this part at Her Majesty's. Her Katharine is at once that of Shakespeare and of Hermann Goetz, the dramatic and vocal requirements for its adequate embodiment being alike at her command, and her new assumption will with little doubt stand side by side with her Carmen. The Petruchio is Mr. Walter Bolton, who undertook the same responsible task when, two years ago, Herr Karl Meyder gave a few representations of the opera at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Bolton has evidently since then studied the music carefully, and his performance may now in most respects challenge criticism. In fact, the opera has proved a great success. Our scene is taken from nearly the close of the last act.

CURLING is one of the most exciting of games, to judge from the enthusiasm of those who partake in it. Perhaps the keen frosty weather, helped by a "wee drap o' speerits," tend to make the curlers lose all thought of anything but "soop it up," &c. One of the chief characteristics of the game is the fact that every one meets on an equality on the ice, from the duke to the labouring man, and call each other "brother curlers." The game is played by eight players as a rule, four a side. A "rink" is marked out on the ice thirty-eight or forty yards long, with a "tee" or small mark at each end surrounded by circles.

The stones are played from the end of the rink, and the object is to make them lie as near as possible to the "tee," and then have them guarded by the stones of the same side, so as to prevent them being knocked out by the adversaries. The number of stones nearest the "tee" count towards the game.

There is a very great deal of "play" in it, and a great deal depends on the directions of the "skip" or captain of the side. Keen curlers generally play for something, such as "beef and greens," commonly called "curlers' fare," pies and porter, and of course whiskey. To an outsider it is very difficult to understand all the phrases made use of in the "roaring game."

A GREAT revolution in skating has taken place during the last few years. In the olden time, when some of us were boys who are boys no longer, the ladies for the most part remained on the shore, wrapped in furs, with cold feet and blue noses, but nevertheless smiling, as only unselfish woman can smile, at the prowess displayed by their brothers, their uncles, their sweethearts, and their cousins. Sometimes a lady was impelled across the ice in a chair by a trusty cavalier; but, as a rule, it was not considered *comme il faut* for ladies to skate, just as fashion forbade them to enter a hansom cab.

Now all is changed. The fair sex skate like one o'clock, and what is more, they outdo the men. Of course, to begin with, they look more graceful on the ice than we do. "That goes without saying;" but, besides this, they have such lots of practice. During this winter and the last, a good many ladies have had several weeks of skating in succession "right off the reel." And there is nothing like continuous practice for improvement in skating. We have seen numbers of girls, like the lady supported by two gentlemen in the left-hand corner of our picture, who at the beginning of last December had never had a skate on their feet, who can cut figures quite respectably. The luckless masculine creature (unless he be a schoolboy or a curate) cannot manage to be thus perpetually on the ice. The counting-house and the office hold him in their grip, and he is fain to be content with Saturday afternoons and after-dark skating by the light of the silvery moon or the flare of torches.

THE CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE FOR THE UNITED STATES

WE have already fully described and illustrated this obelisk, which is to be transported to New York from Alexandria (in Nos. 521 and 525, Nov. 22 and Dec. 20, 1879,) as well as the means by which it was to be raised from its pedestal and lowered to the ground ready for shipment. We need therefore say no more than that the operation was eminently successful, and that the monument, carefully cased in wood, was raised, and swung on a pivot into a horizontal position in readiness for lowering. Our sketches, representing the various stages of the work, are from photographs kindly sent to us by M. Auguste Xuerreff, of Alexandria. The Americans are delighted at obtaining so ancient a monument to ornament their very matter-of-fact commercial capital, and their interest in the monolith has been enhanced by a letter from Lieutenant Goringe, of the United States Navy, who claims to have found immediately under the pedestal "a block of hewn Syenite granite representing a perfect Masonic altar." He also unearthed a white marble slab representing the apron. General Roome, the Grand Master of the New York Freemasons, endorses Lieutenant Goringe's views, and states that what he has found are undoubted Masonic emblems, and declares that "now *savants* will contrive to trace the Order back until they find, as I believe, it began in the East, thousands of years before the Christian era."

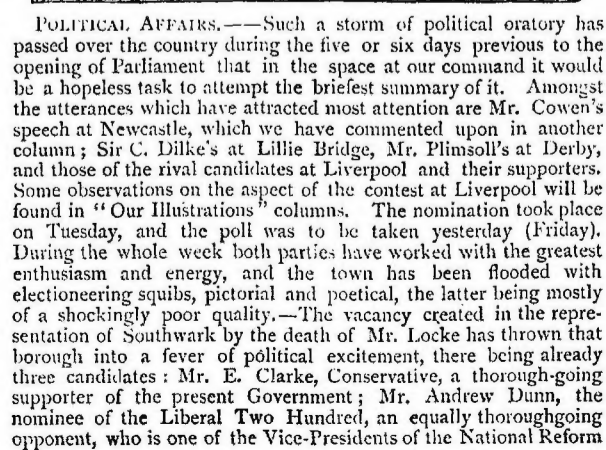
MOIROSI met his death on a shelf of rock on the north-west side of the mountain, to which he must have fled by the ledges and narrow track leading under the left-hand scence. Private Schwack, C.M.R., got a bullet through his thigh while going round there, and Private Whitehead, C.M.R., had one which passed through his kepi, just above the peak. Moirosi's son Dodo knelt behind the little flowering bush which stands at the entrance to the shelf (or kind of cave) armed with a splendid carbine. He kept everybody at bay, for he could command the corner round which only one man could enter the shelf at a time. Apparently he got away by an almost impassable ledge, where however there was sufficient foothold for a mountaineer to pass along, and so escaped. Before he got the shot through his cap, Private Whitehead had shot Moirosi, without knowing who he was. Schwack afterwards died of his wound in the hospital at Thomas Shop Camp, Basuto Land. Strange to say, he was the only man killed during the attack on the mountain. Another man was wounded, and several had narrow shaves. One was saved by the bullet striking the end of his ramrod.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Arthur Pattison.

THIS represents two Boers taking coffee. Whenever one comes to another's house, however early, it matters little as a rule, coffee is always handed to the visitors. On Sunday especially people drop in upon each other, and the cups of coffee consumed by the host and hostess in compliment to their guests remind one of Munich beer drinkers, some of whom manage twenty or thirty quarts per diem. To a man at work with his team it is a great boon to rest for a quarter of an hour and drink coffee at a friend's house at the roadside, and if a friend brought half-a-dozen strangers with him they would all receive the cup of hospitality.

THE situation in Afghanistan remains very much the same, and, although there appears little likelihood of any immediate attack on General Roberts, there are no lack of signs that another rising is being actively organised at Ghazni. Mahomed Jan is doing his utmost to keep hostility alive in Kohistan, and has been joined by Mahomed Hassan Khan, the ex-Governor of Jellalabad, who professed friendship for us some time since, and then suddenly left the city and went over to the malcontents. An expedition against Ghazni is, accordingly to be undertaken, both from Candahar and Bombay, while internecine warfare is said to have broken out amongst the Afghans themselves, the Ghilzais and Hazaras having quarrelled. Thus 2,000 Hazaree families have been exterminated by the Ghilzais, who in their turn suffered severely. Both in the south and in the north reinforcements are being actively pushed forward, and General Bright with a moveable column has been exploring the Lughman Valley, with a view to establishing another and a more tranquil route to Cabul. As yet he has met with no opposition, and the chiefs, Mahomed Khan and Asmatullah, whom it was part of his mission to chastise for their late raids upon our troops, were not to be found. Their forts, however, were destroyed.

In Cabul itself all is quiet, and the correspondent of *The Times* tells us that the city has resumed the aspect which it wore before the recent events, and that its bazaars are as crowded and busy as ever. It is believed that the amount of actual money obtained from the city by the insurgent chiefs in December was comparatively little, it being officially estimated at 30,000 rupees. The property injured and carried off is also found to be less than was at first thought, and their great prize was undoubtedly the powder obtained from the Bala Hissar. The weather is very inclement round Cabul, several snowstorms have occurred, and the native troops are suffering from the severe cold.

ON December 1 Yakob Khan, the ex-Ameer of Cabul, set out from the British camp at Sherpur for India, being strongly escorted throughout his journey in the event of any attempt at rescue being made by any of the tribes through whose territory our troops had to pass. He is said to have been somewhat pleased at having to go to India even as a State prisoner, and asked "Where am I to be sent?" The only followers allowed to accompany him were a personal attendant, Abdullah Yahim, four body servants, and some native cooks. The route followed was through the Jugdulluk Passes, Lataband, Gundamak, Jellalabad, and the Khyber, and no untoward event occurred, the road between Jugdulluk and Jumrood being guarded by some 11,000 men. We have received several sketches of the Ameer's journey, and have engraved one kindly furnished us by Captain Porter, 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers). The Ameer travelled throughout on horseback, with an officer on either side of him. The escort was changed at the various stages, and in the instance we illustrate—on the road to Busowal—it consisted of the 6th Dragoon Guards, under the command of Colonel Fryer. From Jellalabad Brigade-Major J. Cook writes that the Ameer seemed "a tall, wiry-looking, youthful man of aquiline features. He speaks English very well, considering the little intercourse which he has had with people of our nation. He was tolerably cheerful under the circumstances." The Rev. C. Swinnerton also writes from Jumrood: "Yakob Khan was exceedingly cheerful at the prospect before him, and as he has probably escaped eventual assassination at the hands of his own people, he may consider himself fortunate. If, however, he indeed betrayed our unhappy Embassy in Cabul, he deserves something less comfortable than the luxury of an honourable restraint in India. He is described by some officers as exceedingly childish and silly in his conversation, evincing enfeebled faculties, due, it is said, to his long and severe imprisonment by his late father, the Ameer Shere Ali Khan."



Union; and Mr. George Shipton, the Radical Labour candidate, who is well known in connection with a number of Trades' Societies.—The Duke of Westminster, the Bishops of Oxford and Exeter, and a number of other well-known men, have signed a memorial addressed to the Premier, asking for a Government inquiry into the "violations of the practice of civilised warfare" alleged to have been perpetrated by the British authorities in Afghanistan.—The advocates of female suffrage held two great meetings at Manchester on Tuesday. All the speakers were ladies, and there was a Presidentess in each case, Mrs. Duncan Maclaren occupying the chair at the main gathering in the Free Trade Hall, and Mrs. Lucas (Mr. Bright's sister) conducting the proceedings at the overflow meeting in the Memorial Hall.

THE CONSERVATIVES AND THE HOME RULERS. — The severity with which Lord Ramsay's promise to the Home Rulers of Liverpool has been criticised by Conservative speakers and writers has evoked a stinging retort from Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., who in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* declares—1st, That it was upon an invitation from the Conservative camp that the Home Rule movement was commenced; 2nd, That influential agents of the Conservative party constantly pressed upon the Irish Nationalists the duty of uniting with them; 3rd, That the funds wherewith the Home Rule battles were fought, including the one open and avowed Fenian candidature in Ireland, came mainly if not altogether from members of the Conservative party; 4th, That the men who were most active in bringing about this alliance between Conservatives and Home Rules were singled out for mark and favour by the Conservative leaders and chiefs; and 5th, That the Home Rulers were led to believe, and that Mr. Sullivan himself still believes, that the present Ministry intended to "dish the Whigs" as to the Irish vote by proposing a Royal Residence and a domestic Parliament for Ireland. Mr. Sullivan says that he is prepared to prove these statements by giving names, dates, places, and particulars; and as Sir W. Hart Dyke and Colonel Taylor have already declared that they are without the slightest possible foundation, it will probably not be long before the threatened statistics are published.

THE COMING CENSUS.—On Friday a deputation from the Social Science Association waited on Mr. Slater-Booth to urge upon the adoption of a number of recommendations in regard to the bill for next year's census. One of them was that the "religious profession" of every inhabitant should be recorded; and another that a complete census should be taken every fifth year instead of every tenth, as at present. The Liberation Society have resolved to oppose the idea of a religious census, which they consider "would involve an unwarrantable interference with personal opinion, fail to serve any good practical purposes, prove seriously misleading in its results, and inevitably excite great bitterness of feeling."

THE "THUNDERER" Gun, which resisted all the preliminary tests, has at length been burst into fragments by a double charge, consisting of 110 lbs. of pebble powder and a Palliser shell of like weight, added to which was a second charge of 85 lbs. of powder and a common shell, each shell having a *papier-mâché* wall in front of it. The experiment took place on Tuesday, and the result confirms the opinion of the Committee, and is held to be conclusive proof that such guns will not burst except under conditions which ought never to arise. The breech-end of the gun, which alone remained upon the carriage, is said to resemble with marvellous fidelity the remnant of the other gun which burst on board the *Thunderer*, and which is now exhibited at the Royal Gun Factory, Woolwich.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD BUDGET presented on Wednesday shows that the Board had during the current year, ending March 31, educated 4,500 more children than they expected. The number of children for whom accommodation has been provided exceeds 200,000, and the amount required to be collected by precept for the coming year is 653,626*l.*, which means a rate of 6¼*d.* as against 5½*d.* for the year just drawing to a close.

A TRAINING SHIP FOR CORK.—The Lords of the Admiralty have given the *Worcester*, one of the vessels at Chatham, to the Corporation of Cork, to be used as a training ship for destitute boys. The ship needs very extensive repairs, which will have to be executed by those taking the vessel.

THE PROPOSED POLAR EXPEDITION.—A correspondent of *The Times* suggests that before Commander Cheyne and his devoted band of adherents start for the North, they should take a preliminary aerial canter in England, say from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham to Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh, and back, the balloons being provisioned before starting, and no external aid being rendered to the adventurers during the journey. Should Commander Cheyne adopt this suggestion, *and succeed*, he will not only be able to turn the laugh against those who have cast ridicule upon his scheme, but would, we doubt not, soon be able to complete his fund for the Polar Expedition itself.

DANGEROUS PERFORMANCES.—The other day "Zeo," the female acrobat, who allows herself to be shot from a catapult gun across the Westminster Aquarium, was projected with such violence that she broke through the net and fell, bruised and bleeding, on the floor beneath. Medical certificates have been issued stating that she is not greatly hurt; but accounts of eye-witnesses do not tally with this assertion. Be that as it may, the admitted features of the "accident" show clearly that danger to limb and to life is actually incurred in such performances, and this, as we have before urged, ought to be a sufficient reason for putting a stop to them.

THE FOGS with which many parts of the country have been afflicted since the commencement of the year have naturally been more dense and objectionable in London by reason of their incorporation with the smoke of thousands of chimneys, and though several fatal accidents have occurred in consequence, the wonder is that they have been so few, and that in most cases they have been brought about by the carelessness of the victims themselves. Street traffic and business generally has of course been greatly impeded, and the death-rate has been abnormally high. By the way, a curious controversy has arisen anent the relative lighting powers of gas and electricity in the fog. One gentleman writing to *The Times* says that the electric lamps on Waterloo Bridge were almost invisible twenty yards off, and gave far less light than ordinary gas lamps; while two others write in contradiction, their experience at the same place on the same night having been the exact converse of his. As our contemporary *Punch* remarks, "It is two to one on the electric light."

THE OBITUARY of the week, owing doubtless in some measure to the severe weather, is mournfully long. Among the better-known names are those of the Earl of Bessborough; the Marquis of Anglesey; Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, who was our representative at St. Petersburg when the Crimean War broke out; Sir William Erle, formerly Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Mr. Barry, R.A., the architect; Mr. John Locke, M.P. for Southwark; Dr. A. T. Stephens, the eminent ecclesiastical lawyer; and the Rev. Canon Oakeley, once Fellow of Balliol, and incumbent of Margaret Street Chapel, but for the last thirty years Missionary Rector of a Roman Catholic Chapel at Islington, having left the Anglican community in 1845.

LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, chiefly owing to the severe weather, and 2,200 deaths were registered against 1,900 during the previous seven days, an increase of 300, being 607 above the average, and at the rate of 31·3 per 1,000. These deaths included 11 from small-pox (an increase of 8), 33 from measles (an increase of 3), 70 from scarlet-fever (a decline of 13), 10 from diphtheria (a decline of 3), 193 from whooping-cough (an increase of 53), 19 from different forms of fever (an increase of 8), and 5 from

diarrhoea (a decline of 9). There were 2,436 births registered against 2,644 during the previous week, being 51 below the average. The mean temperature was 29.2 deg., and 10.9 deg. below the average. There were 21.1 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon during 62.1 hours.



THE reopening of the HAYMARKET Theatre under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft is an event that has been looked forward to by playgoers with eager interest. The change which the house has undergone since October last, when it was relinquished by Mr. J. S. Clarke, is very striking. In its internal structure the old theatre, built by Nash in 1820, was in many important respects a model of what a theatre ought not to be. For some reasons which are not easily to be explained, it had pleased this celebrated architect to construct the interior in the form of an oblong square—the stage being placed at one of the narrow sides. Thus the great majority of spectators in the dress circle could not, as they sat in their triple lines, look at the performance without turning sideways, a condition which, during a long evening, became irksome in the extreme. All this Mr. Bancroft has wisely changed. The interior has not only been decorated in a style of great magnificence, but completely rebuilt in an altered shape, and with arrangements of the various parts which, not being even "taken from the French," may in the technical sense of the playwrights be described as "entirely new and original." The dress circle, or balcony as it is now called, is of horse-shoe form, projecting considerably into the house, and carefully contrived to give the occupants of every seat a direct line of sight to the stage. An excellent feature of this part of the house is its low level; it is in fact only one or two feet above the level of the stage. Above this is a sort of humbler balcony receding a little, which is to be known as the "first circle;" a corresponding arrangement higher still is distinguished as the "second circle"—the gallery being behind the latter division. As most readers of the newspapers are by this time aware, the abolition of the pit and the conversion of the whole of this popular portion of the house into stalls provoked on the opening night some rather noisy demonstrations from the "pitties," now banished to higher regions. These remonstrances, however, seem to have now subsided; and they are certainly not founded on reasonable grounds. The "rights of the pit" is a term belonging to other days and other manners. It has, in these times of keen rivalry and perfect freedom of enterprise among theatrical managers, no more meaning than the "critical pit," an expression which also belongs to the period when, stalls being unknown, and the pit being really the best part of the house for seeing and hearing, the critical always sat here. Of such was the pit which Kean tells us "rose" at him on a certain occasion, much to the gratification of his self-esteem. Since stalls, which are practically only secured pit seats at an advanced price, were introduced, the pit has accommodated a class who are neither more nor less intellectual or refined than other playgoers of humble means. The reasoning of Mr. Bancroft is unanswerable. His expenses are heavy; his predecessors have either come to bankruptcy or reaped no reward. It is therefore in his opinion expedient for the welfare of his theatre to avail himself of the whole floor for stalls. To deny his right to do this is to deny him control over his own property. If the step is disapproved, the "pitties" have but to decline to visit the second circle, which is certainly commodious and comfortable enough. The aspect of empty seats in this part of the house would doubtless induce Mr. Bancroft at least to reconsider his present arrangements.

Of the details of the new decorations it would be impossible to speak here with anything like minuteness. The general tone is, according to the official description, an ivory white with all the mouldings and ornamentation gilded. This, however, gives but a faint notion of the lavish employment of gold, which though appropriate enough to the style of the Renaissance, seems rather too dazzling for the interior of a theatre; being apt to fill the eye unconsciously, and thus to greatly weaken the effect, not merely of sombre, but even of bright scenes. This observation applies more particularly to the new proscenium, taking the form of a broad massive gold frame with four sides, which seems to reduce what is going on upon the stage to a mere picture, overpowered by a heavy and elaborate setting. Many beautiful designs from the poets and from old mythology have been painted by Mr. J. D. Watson, Mr. F. Smith, and Mr. T. Ballard in the tympana of the vaulted arches surrounding the "sun-lit" ceiling, in the various lunettes, and on the panels and elsewhere. The drop curtain, representing a minut scene suggested by the performance of *The School for Scandal* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, has been justly admired for its effective tone and picturesque arrangement. The figures are painted by Mr. Daniel White, the remainder of the picture by Mr. O'Connor. Unfortunately the representation of Lord Lytton's *Money* on the opening night fell somewhat short of the standard of performances at the Prince of Wales's. This may fairly be attributed in great part to the disconcerting effect of the disturbances already mentioned, but it is also to be noted that the cast is in several important respects decidedly weaker than that of the original representation under Mrs. Bancroft's direction; the Evelyn of Mr. Conway, though a spirited and in many other respects an excellent performance, cannot be compared with that of Mr. Coghlan, and Miss Marion Terry, pleasing as she is, cannot of course banish the recollection of her accomplished sister, Miss Ellen Terry, in the same part. Mrs. Bancroft, we need hardly say, affords great pleasure to the audience in the part of Lady Franklin, nor has Mr. Bancroft's Sir Frederick Blount lost any of its amusing qualities. We wish we could speak as highly of Mr. Odell's Sir John Vesey, Mr. Cecil's Mr. Graves, or Mr. Kemble's Mr. Stout. The part of Georgina is satisfactorily sustained by Miss Linda Dietz, as is that of Lord Glossmore by Mr. Forbes Robertson.

The management of the DUKE'S Theatre in Holborn have apparently chosen for themselves the special province of romantic drama of the class in which exciting incidents and striking pictures are more prized than truth or coherence of story. *New Babylon*, which belongs to this category of pieces, having at length been withdrawn, a new domestic drama from the pen of Mr. Wills was produced here on Monday evening, with the title of *Forced from Home*. It presents a sorrowful tale of a young girl driven to fly from her parents' house by the cruelty of a stepmother and the injudicious behaviour of a father, who, though he is imagined subsequently to go mad in horror at her supposed profligacy, is harsh enough to have assumed her guilt upon the most inadequate grounds, and even to have refused to hear any explanation. In descending to the level of the playwright's art as practised mostly in the suburbs, Mr. Wills appears to have adopted the notion that consistency in the delineation of character or the conduct of a story is of little importance. We believe this to be a mistake, even from the suburban dramatist's point of view. Fathers who are to claim our sympathies for their tenderness and true parental feeling in the second act, ought not to be represented in the first act as wanting in the first instinct of the affectionate parent, which is to be incredulous regarding charges of

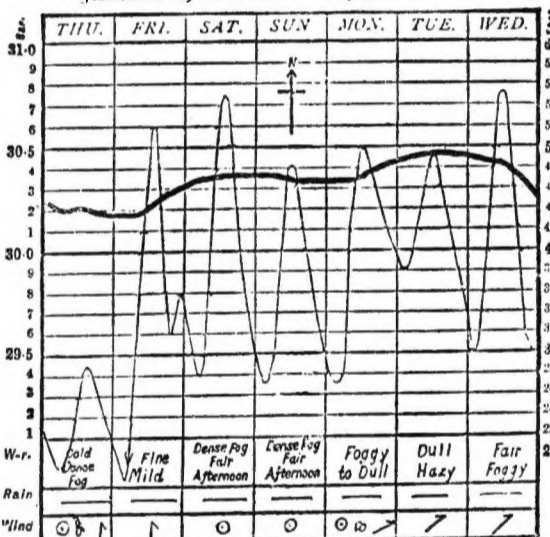
profligacy brought against a daughter or son who has as yet shown no tokens of depravity. The main object of the play, however, is clearly to give the scenic artist excuses for painting "realistic" views of Waterloo Bridge and the Quadrant by night; and exhibiting the heroine as wandering a forlorn outcast about the streets of London. So much at least is accomplished; but though Miss Fanny Brough really represents this persecuted and exemplary work-girl with much truth and pathos, the audience's sympathies are never very strongly awakened—owing chiefly to the fact that her troubles are too manifestly the arbitrary creation of the dramatist, and destined to end in a happy denouement. Her sorrows are, indeed, simply founded on one or two mistakes. The father is mistaken in jumping to conclusions unfavourable to his daughter's reputation; the daughter is mistaken in treating her aristocratic lover as a wicked tempter, when he was in truth an honourable wooer. The play is neither so elaborate nor so ingenious as many pieces of its kind; but as it is occasionally harrowing, and yet ends merrily—even the lunatic father recovering his reason when, as the lawyers say, "thereunto required;" and as it is moreover endowed with views of London localities skillfully built up, and even with a genuine street Hansom and a live horse—it is not improbable that it will enjoy a great deal more of public favour than that unlucky American piece, which was ironically described by a desponding manager as having achieved "a brilliant and successful *creep* of five nights."

Ourself, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, which was produced last week at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre, exhibits but little of that power of neat construction or that dramatic instinct which characterise that clever writer's original comedy, *Our Club*, produced some time since at the Strand Theatre. This may arise from the fact that on this occasion Mr. Burnand has not trusted entirely to his own invention, but has preferred to adapt and alter a forgotten French comedy. There is ground to suspect, however, that the indispensable, but almost impossible, condition of furnishing Messrs. James and Thorne with parts equally prominent and equally eligible has also something to do with the failure of his efforts. The selfishness and egotism of the personages represented by these gentlemen are sometimes amusing, and we regret to add, sometimes not; but the scenes which are devoted to the development of their peculiarities are certainly elaborated and brought into relief to a degree which destroys the proportions, and even may be said to displace the very pivot of the story. It would be to small purpose to narrate the details of a plot which caused not a little perplexity among the patient spectators of the first performance, or to go any more deeply into the causes of the failure of a piece supported by the talent, not only of the two gentlemen named, but of actors and actresses so clever and pleasing as Miss Larkin, Mr. Howe, Miss Illington, Mr. Herbert, Miss Kate Bishop, and others.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, *The Pirates of Penzance*, which is already very popular in America, will be produced at Easter at the OPERA COMIQUE Theatre, Strand.

Mr. Wills's new play, entitled *Nanon*, is to be produced this evening at the ADELPHI.—Mr. Watts Phillips's powerful play, *Anos Clarke*, has been revived at the CONNAUGHT Theatre, Mr. George Rignold sustaining his original part.—Mr. J. S. Clarke will commence an engagement at the OLYMPIC on Monday, Feb. 16th.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK JANUARY 29 TO FEBRUARY 4 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been chiefly remarkable for the very dense fogs which have from time to time prevailed over the metropolis. These were most intense on the evenings of Thursday (29th ult.), Saturday (31st ult.), and Sunday (1st inst.), but on Monday (2nd inst.) and Wednesday (4th inst.) the weather was very thick, and even on Tuesday (3rd inst.) a good deal of haze was experienced. The only day on which the air was for any length of time really clear was Friday (30th ult.), and the sun's power on this occasion was so quickly felt that temperature rose from a minimum of 18° in the early morning to a maximum of 52° in the afternoon—a change of 34° in about twelve hours! During another, but shorter, spell of sunshine on Saturday afternoon (31st ult.) the thermometer rose still higher (to 55°), but since that time it has not been above 50°. The changes in the barometer have been extremely slight and gradual, and calm or very light southerly to south-westerly airs have prevailed all the week. No measurable amount of rain has fallen, although at times the fog has been in such a high state of condensation as to cause some precipitation of misty drizzle. The barometer was highest (30.47 inches) on Tuesday (3rd inst.); lowest (30.18 inches) on Friday (30th ult.); range, 0.29 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (55°) on Saturday (31st ult.); lowest (18°) on Friday (30th ult.); range, 37°.

PETER THE GREAT'S CORRESPONDENCE is going to be published by order of the Czar, and one edition of 1,700 copies will be printed in special type to preserve the peculiarities of the famous Emperor's handwriting.

GROSVENOR ART CLUB.—The announcement of the Royal Academy of Arts, that ladies may henceforth obtain the honourable distinction of Royal Academician, is curiously coincident with the opening of the Grosvenor Art Club in the well-lighted studios of the Grosvenor School of Art, 16, North Audley Street. The want has long been felt of ladies' schools for the study of the living model. To ladies, members of this club, are offered the same advantages as male students have always enjoyed, and the opportunity of studying the delineation of the human form. Art-students will find the advantage of being able to study the figure in a studio built for that purpose. Another studio is efficiently lighted and arranged for the use of members who require the head and costumed model only. The Principal, Miss Digby Williams, has generously offered a free membership for the following year to the member whose work, to be sent in in December, is voted the best done within the year. The meetings of ladies are on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 6.30 to 9 p.m.; those for gentlemen on Mondays and Wednesdays. The club is open to members of foreign and British schools of painting, and, no tuition being enforced, the annual subscription is proportionally small.



THE SUNDAY SOCIETY have opened a small exhibition of pictures at 29, Piccadilly.

MDLLE. ROSA BONHEUR has received the Leopold Cross of Honour from the King of the Belgians, and is the first woman admitted to the Order.

THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE" has been translated into Portuguese by King Luis of Portugal, who, it may be remembered, recently published a translation of *Hamlet*.

M. RENAN begins his lectures in London in April, and besides his four Hibbert lectures on the afternoons of the 6th, 9th, 13th, and 16th, will take Marcus Aurelius for his subject at the Royal Institution on the evening of the 16th April.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE at Brussels this year will include two Art and Industrial Exhibitions. One will be restricted solely to the products of natives, the other will admit foreign contributions, and will open in the Palais du Midi on May 1st.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION OF THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY was opened at Edinburgh on Saturday. The pictures hung number 1,820—an equal number having been rejected—and, contrary to previous usage, none of the works have been borrowed, but have been sent by the artists themselves, although many of the paintings have already been exhibited at Burlington House.

AN ELECTRIC NOVELTY was introduced at a recent fancy dress ball in Paris, and caused considerable amusement. One gentleman in the costume of an alchemist had an electrical star attached to his cap, and when he stopped before a pretty woman the star began to scintillate, while when a man approached it immediately became dim—the change being effected by means of a conducting wire.

ANOTHER AFRICAN EXPLORER has died in the performance of his mission—M. l'Abbé Debaize—who was engaged in the attempt to cross Africa from Zanzibar to the west coast, and had reached Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. He had intended to establish depôts at the north end of Tanganyika, and to explore the countries between thence and the southern end of the Albert Nyanza, as well as the western slopes of the Blue Mountains.

HARVARD COLLEGE has brought out a monthly magazine—the *Harvard Register*—mainly devoted to items of information respecting the Institution, and the well-got-up periodical will be appreciated by readers taking interest in the cause of higher education across the Atlantic. Harvard College now has 1,422 students, and the *Register* tells us that a young man may exist at college with an annual expenditure of 100l., may live there comfortably for 160l., and lavishly for 273l.

THE PORTUGUESE POET, CAMOENS, will be commemorated at Lisbon this year on the centenary of his death, June 10. The King and his father will both give a succession of *fêtes* to literary celebrities; the International Literary Association will hold its third Session on the occasion—a Portuguese man-of-war being sent to a French port to convey such members as will face the sea, while arrangements will be made for the railway travelling of bad sailors; and a Congress of Commercial Geography will also take place.

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF COPIES OF RUBENS' WORKS is to be formed in Antwerp, and the committee charged to organise the arrangement report that ten years will be required to carry out the project, as 1,947 prints and 653 photographs will have to be acquired. Rubens left behind him 2,235 pictures, 228 of which are sketches, and in addition 484 drawings. Of the pictures and sketches, 829 have never been reproduced, 670 are known solely by reproductions, and of 293 all trace has been lost.

PARIS TIME is shortly to be unified by means of a clock placed in the cellars of the Observatory at a sufficient depth to escape vibrations and atmospheric variations. A main conducting wire attached to the clock will pass into the sewer under the Avenue de l'Observatoire, where it will branch off into a number of small wires distributed along the sewers, so as to communicate with the clocks in different parts of the town. Thus each movement of the hands of the chief clock at the Observatory will be reproduced simultaneously on the connected dials.

LEYCETT COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—Funds are now being raised for the relief of the widows, children, and dependent relatives of the sixty-one miners who were killed in the explosion at the Fair Lady Pit, Leycett. Provision must be made for twenty-seven widows, sixty-five children, and eighteen dependent relatives. Contributions will be thankfully received by John Gallimore, Esq., Mayor of Newcastle, Staffordshire; by the Treasurer, Mr. A. Habbishaw, National Provincial Bank of England, Newcastle, Staffordshire; and Mr. F. Allen, Manchester and Liverpool District Bank, Newcastle, Staffordshire; or by W. E. Cartwright, hon. sec.

THREE OLD DUTCH GUNS, unearthed from the mud of the Medway, during some alterations at Chatham Dockyard, and supposed to be part of the armament of a Dutch frigate sunk in the river many years ago, have been examined at the Woolwich Arsenal, and two of the pieces are to be placed in the Royal Artillery Institution, Woolwich, the other going to the Greenwich Naval Museum. *Apogee* of naval relics at Greenwich, a correspondent of *The Times* writes to complain that the Nelson relics have been removed from the Painted Hall, and stowed away amongst models of ships and shells in an out-of-the-way museum upstairs, which is closed on two days of the week, and is not open to the public on Sunday.

THE COLD IN DORSETSHIRE last week was exceedingly severe, and on Wednesday Swanage Bay was so frozen as to prevent boats from going out—an unprecedented event. On a farm in the neighbourhood two valuable ducks were lost at night, and next morning the birds were found firmly frozen into a sheet of ice on a stream near the house. Curiously enough, when the ice was broken the ducks were still alive, but their feathers were frozen quite stiff. Notwithstanding this severe weather, a correspondent of the *Daily News* writes that a specimen of the Red Admiral butterfly was seen on the Brighton Parade on Saturday, and another writer gathered a buttercup on Friday at Ventnor. Turning to Continental cold, Pontresa Bay, on Lake Lugano, is completely frozen for the first time ever recorded, and sledges and carriages ply freely on the Lake of Zurich.

THE FAMOUS SAN DONATO COLLECTION OF PRINCE DEMIDOFF gathered together in the Prince's Palace near Florence, and estimated at a value of 200,000l., is to be sold next month, and Art-lovers on the Continent are much interested in the event. Amongst the pictures are some splendid specimens of the Dutch School, notably Jan Steen's "Family Concert;" whilst the sculpture, tapestry, artistic furniture, plate, and *bric-à-brac* are magnificent. The catalogues themselves, the *American Register* tells us, will be perfect Art-treasures, for besides the ordinary sale catalogues, there will be two editions containing 200 illustrations by the best artists, and sold by subscription at 2l. and 4l. a piece, of which Prince Demidoff will bear the expense, and divide the profits between the poor of Florence and the Fund for restoring the Cathedral. The Prince intends to build a new palace on his estate at Pratolino, near Florence, the hunting seat of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and invites architects of all nations to compete for the design, in the Henri II. Style.



AMEER'S ATTENDANTS

CAPTAIN FIFE

YAKOUB KHAN

CAPTAIN PORTER

THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN—YAKOUB KHAN, THE EX-AMEER, ON HIS WAY TO INDIA AS A PRISONER OF STATE ESCORTED BY THE SIXTH DRAGOONS (CARABINEERS)



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—There is little news from Eastern Europe this week beyond a Note from Savas Pasha frankly acknowledging that hitherto the judicial system of Turkey has been bad, "faulty at the foundation," but that now a radical reform has been instituted, and achieved with "an incontestable success." In fact, European legislation, with all its machinery of multiple Courts, and their presidents and officers, has been adopted, and the Ottoman Government "has certainly a right to the praise and the congratulations of the enlightened European Governments and their representatives." Savas Pasha, however, begs the Powers to be patient, as only time and experience can bring young institutions to any degree of perfection, and reminds them that first-rate lawyers cannot be made in a day in Turkey. The Note, which is very lengthy, differs from previous emanations of a similar nature in its extreme frankness as regards the errors of the past, but whether the fair promises held out in it will be any more fulfilled than those of their predecessors remains to be seen. In the mean time, if we are to believe letters from the capital, Constantinople appears to be more in want of practical than of theoretical law. Gangs of thieves infest the European quarter, and one house has been robbed no fewer than three times in six months. To turn to the Palace, matters there are scarcely more satisfactory, for the Sultan is said to be growing more and more dependent upon Osman Pasha, as he lives in a constant apprehension of an outbreak or insurrection, and consequently wishes to have the means of repression at hand. Indeed, this intention is made all the more manifest by the fact that in his new army organisation scheme the command-in-chief of the forces devolves upon himself. The relations between our Ambassador and the Porte, however, seem to be improving, and Sir Henry and Lady Layard were invited to dine with the Sultan on Wednesday.

FRANCE.—Finance has been the chief legislative theme of the week, and the Budget for 1881 was brought forward on Saturday, M. Gambetta begging the Deputies to lay all political prejudices on one side, and simply consider the subject from the broad patriotic point of view. The figures certainly were most favourable, for the expenditure is calculated at 110,935,000*l.*, while the receipts are calculated at 111,083,000*l.*—the estimate being based upon the fact that the surplus of 152,000*l.* is in hand from last year. Indeed there would be a much greater surplus were it not for the increased expenditure on the army and navy, which together with the public debt interest, which since the war has been increased by a yearly sum of 28,000,000*l.*, form the chief drain on the French Treasury. The Government does not intend to lighten any of the existing duties with the exception of that on alcoholic drinks. Sugar, it is considered, is equally entitled to relief, but the sum is too small to afford it any definite benefit. It would be wearisome to detail all the points of the discussion which has ensued on the subject, and we need only say that the contest has lain chiefly between the Protectionists and the Free Traders, the cotton interest and English competition coming in for a good share of debate, and that M. Tirard made a most able and exhaustive speech in favour of Free Trade.

The French Press have been most singularly tranquil in treating of the increased armaments of Germany and Prince Bismarck's scare of a Franco-Russian alliance, but the visit of the Crown Prince to Italy is commented upon with no little significance as foreshadowing a desire of Germany to make all things straight with Italy, who was somewhat severely snubbed in the Berlin Congress, and might, therefore, be considered not unwilling to make common cause with a Franco-Russian league. Nor, indeed, are the hints thrown out to England by the Teutonic Press that she should step in and calm all Europe by becoming a self-appointed guarantor of Belgium, Switzerland, and Luxembourg (all French frontiers remember) lost upon the French, who suspect in all this a design on the part of the German Premier to secure the complete isolation of France.

Paris has had a small taste of the fogs which have been causing so much discomfort on this side of the Channel, and on Tuesday night a regular "pea-souper" enveloped the "centre of civilisation." To attempt to cross the wide and asphalted open places of Paris was a work of considerable risk, notwithstanding that policemen—with lighted torches, and not as in London with closed bullseyes—were stationed at various points to assist bewildered pedestrians, locomotion being rendered still more difficult by a slippery thaw. Theatrical circles have been busy this week. First there has been a dramatic version of Daudet's *Nahab* at the Vaudeville, where the author, aided by M. Pierre Elzéar, has produced a striking picture of a well-known episode in the Second Empire—the appearance in Parisian circles and the downfall of a French peasant who had made millions out of the Tunisian Government. Napoléon III. and the Duc de Morny are both heard of in the piece, but neither actually appear on the stage. Next we have a spectacular melodrama, *Turanne*, at the Ambigu, by no less than three authors, MM. Marc Fournier, Alfred Delacour, and Jules Lermia, in which the Alsatian campaign, which cost the life of one of the most famous of French Marshals, is gorgeously put on the stage; and thirdly, a revival of M. Edouard Cadol's well-known comedy, *Les Inutiles*, at the Odéon. Then, again, there has been an amusing operatic law suit, M. Vaucorbeil having been unsuccessfully sued for damages by a discontented spectator from the provinces, because he exercised his managerial prerogative in curtailing Donizetti's *Favorita*. Considerable interest also has been excited by the appearance of a new work by M. Alexandre Dumas, who, returning to a favourite theme, has written an advocacy of divorce in 400 pages. Amongst other things, he dwells upon the disadvantages of the confessional, recapitulates all the old vices of the Roman Catholic Church, such as the sale of indulgences (the Duchess of Bourbon purchased for herself and ten persons absolution for all sins committed on Sundays), and acknowledges that in England, where divorce is legal, there is more respect for the family tie than in France. With regard to Adam, he states that he probably did not demand a divorce because there was no other woman existing, for did not Eve cause him to lose Paradise, virtue, happiness, and eternal life?—M. Granier de Cassagnac, the father of the irrepressible Paul, and deputy for the Gers, is dead.

On Tuesday night, owing to the fog, a railway collision occurred near Clichy, seven persons being killed and twenty-six wounded. As the trains were local, a considerable and excited crowd assembled at the St. Lazare Station, begging the officials to give them information respecting friends and relations. One train, it appears, had come to a standstill, and was run into by the second, the driver of which was unaware that the line was blocked.—The huge mass of ice on the Loire which has so long been threatening Saumur, is now breaking up, and as the waters above that town have subsided and a canal cut, it is hoped that the expected disaster may be averted.

GERMANY.—The various conferences between the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Prince Bismarck, which have been arousing considerable speculation, are now said to have resulted in a determination to resume negotiations with the Vatican for a settlement of the Church and State conflict. In the mean time there are symptoms of a break up of the Conservative party, owing to the Church question, and it is thought that Prince Bismarck will once more have to rely upon the National Liberals.

The attitude of the Foreign Press respecting the proposed additions to the German army has called forth considerable com-

ment. Austria is thanked for her friendly remarks and support, France is commended for the composure with which she received the news, Russia is rebuked for the hysterics of alarm in which the Muscovite journals have indulged, while England is thanked for her amicable comments, the leading articles of her journals are reprinted, and she is assured that she has the power to lay the spectre of war which is threatening on the horizon, by simply inducing her Parliament to declare its determination to protect the neutrality of Belgium, Luxembourg, and Switzerland, and to demand the neutrality of the Baltic and the North Sea. Should, however, the plan not be adopted, we are told not to abandon all hope, as a period of general peace will begin as soon as the combined attack of Russia and France be proved an impracticable undertaking by the energy and bravery of the German and Austrian nations. "The permanent increase of the armies will therefore not bring endless terror, but will inaugurate a new and more happy era." At least so thinks the *Grensbote*, which is supposed to be inspired by high political authorities; but General Moltke is not quite of the same opinion, for in writing to a correspondent, who had suggested that the German army might be diminished and not increased, he declares that many centuries must pass away before nations will acknowledge that every war, however successful, is a general calamity.

In AUSTRIA there seems to be much the same feeling, as the increased German armaments have drawn attention to the fact that, while Russia possesses a war effective of 500,000 men, France of 490,000 men, and Germany of 427,000 men, she herself, including 25,000 militia, can only count 252,000. Thus there is much talk about increasing the defences of the country, and particularly of Vienna. Various plans for the fortification of the Austrian capital are being discussed, but the scheme does not find favour with the Press, which is strongly opposed to increasing the military expenditure, as it is feared that Austrian finances will not bear any extra strain.

RUSSIA.—Further signs of the extent of internal disaffection have appeared this week, firstly in the form of a powerful appeal addressed to "Society" by the students of the "Real" schools. It vigorously denounces the official system of public instruction, and accuses the Government of employing classical instruction as a weapon to check mental growth. The Government, it declares, would gladly annihilate all educational establishments; but, as this is impossible, it gives base coin for real gold, introduces into the middle schools the classical system, "which both warps the development of thought and deprives the youth of valuable time that might be spent in the development of mental capacity and in the acquisition of actually necessary knowledge." The fact of young men receiving no information of practical use is profitable to the Government, as it knows that "if society properly understood the benefits of knowledge, the authorities, with all their gagging measures, would not be able to stop the advancement of enlightenment and the consequent spread of critical ideas. Thus it is impossible to assert that the classical system is not introduced in order to stifle thought and reason. Russian society requires living knowledge, and not dead languages." Pupils having passed through the so-called "Real" schools are not allowed the privilege of entering into the University, under the plea that they are not sufficiently prepared, and accordingly the official classical gymnasias, which otherwise would be deserted, are kept well attended. The manifesto calls upon society to protest against these evils, and to demand the freedom of education; and concludes:—"We shall thus know of what society is composed, whether of men, or of driven cattle writhing beneath the lash of the whip." Another seizure has also been made of the *Will of the People*, in which are the usual socialistic articles and letters, and the announcement of a programme by which the present Government is to be overthrown by force, revolution, or conspiracy, and the reins of power transferred to an "Assembly of Organisation," elected by universal suffrage. The trial of the prisoners concerned in the recent robbery of 1,500,000 roubles from the Treasury at Cherson, for Socialistic purposes, has resulted in the condemnation of the chief culprit, Hélène Rossikoff, to hard labour for life, and her accomplices to various terms of imprisonment. In the midst of all this disaffection, it is curious to read of great preparations being made at St. Petersburg for the rejoicings in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession.

ITALY.—The reopening of the Session has been fixed for the 17th inst., but nothing has as yet transpired with reference to appointing the new Senators who are to ensure the passing of the Grist Tax.

The Pope is said to be seriously indisposed, and to be causing his physicians considerable anxiety. Sudden dizziness, shivering fits, and extraordinary prostration (at least so says the *Pall Mall Gazette* Roman correspondent) are the physical symptoms, and there is no doubt that the close confinement and the long protracted negotiations with Germany are the primary cause of his ailments. Consequently, change of air and exercise are recommended as the only cure.

INDIA.—The Nagas have made another raid—this time into the Cachar district, where they attacked the Baladhan tea garden, killing the manager, Mr. Blyth, and nine or ten coolies, and burning all the buildings. The raiders are Angamis, and a detachment of troops and police have been despatched to capture them if possible. It is, evident, however, that if peace is to be secured for the district more extensive and comprehensive measures must be adopted than have yet been undertaken.

UNITED STATES.—Mr. Parnell's attack on the Duchess of Marlborough has been warmly resented by the American Press, many journals declining to print the attack, and telling him plainly that he is making a great mistake in thus bidding for American support. On Monday night he spoke in the House of Representatives at Washington, which had been granted to him for the purpose, an action which has been most severely criticised by the Press as capable of being construed by England into an affront. Thus few members were present, and indeed Mr. Parnell is creating universal annoyance by his mode of procedure. The *New York Herald* remarks that those who merely distrusted him before condemn him now. "He has lost all hold on American sympathy, and although he may keep up his mission in form, it is practically at an end." The *New York Herald* accordingly has started a fund of its own, heading the list with the highly munificent donation of 20,000*l.*, and promising that the money collected shall be given to a competent Committee who will disburse it for the relief of actual want.

The electoral fever is beginning once more, and the action of the Pennsylvania Republican Committee, which was to meet on Wednesday, was looked forward to with great anxiety, as General Grant was expected to be nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. The result justified the expectation, and it was decided to instruct the Pennsylvania Delegates at the National Republican Convention at Chicago to support General Grant's candidature.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN the Senate has approved the Abolition of Slavery Bill for Cuba by 156 to 28 votes.—In EGYPT the Duke of Sutherland has been entertaining Professor Nordenskjöld at a banquet in Cairo.—From CRETE we hear of serious disturbances between Mahomedans and Christians, which, however, were ultimately quelled by the gendarmérie.—There is a terrible famine in KURDISTAN, caused by the bad harvest. The Catholic missionaries are distributing relief at Mossoul, but in the mountains the people are reduced to herbs, roots, and a few grains of millet boiled together; even horse chestnuts are devoured.—In MOROCCO serious disorders have occurred at Fez, where the Moors attacked the Jews, and saturating the clothes of an old man with petroleum, burnt him to death.—In SOUTH AFRICA a proclamation has been issued ordering the

Basutos to surrender their arms, and Major-General Sir Henry Clifford has been appointed to the military command of the Transvaal. The cost of maintaining a British Residency in Zululand has been divided between Natal and the Transvaal.—In SOUTH AMERICA the war continues, and there has now been a revolution in Bolivia, Comacho having made himself President. The Chilians now hold nearly all the Peruvian coast under blockade.—In AUSTRALIA the prospects of the harvest are unusually favourable.



THE Queen has been in town this week to open Parliament. Before quitting the Isle of Wight, however, Her Majesty visited Lady Biddulph, drove through West Cowes and Newport, and on Saturday gave audience to Mr. W. H. Smith, who, as well as Canon Duckworth, had arrived at Osborne on a visit, both gentlemen joining the Queen and Princess Beatrice at dinner in the evening. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, where Canon Duckworth preached, and subsequently Mr. Smith and the Canon left Osborne. In the evening Colonel Du Plat dined with the Queen on his return from Prinknau, where he had represented Her Majesty at the funeral of Duke Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein. On Wednesday the Queen and the Princess left Osborne for town, arriving at Buckingham Palace to lunch, and in the afternoon Her Majesty held a Council, subsequently receiving the new Russian Ambassador, Prince Lobanoff, and also the Japanese Minister, Mori Arinori, who presented their credentials. Next day the Queen opened Parliament, going in a State procession of seven carriages, escorted by the Yeomen of the Guard and a detachment of the Household troops, to the House, where Her Majesty was received by a salute of twenty-one guns. Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold accompanied the Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were also present at the ceremony. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice would return yesterday (Friday) to Osborne, where they will spend another ten days, and will then visit town to hold the first Drawing Room of the season on the 20th inst.

The Prince and Princess of Wales last week entertained some visitors at Sandringham, most of the guests leaving on Saturday. Next day the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters and Princess Frederica of Hanover, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, and on Monday the whole party came up to London for the season. The Duke of Edinburgh visited the Prince and Princess immediately on their arrival, and in the evening they went to the Haymarket Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince was present at a meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. In the afternoon Princess Christian arrived on a visit, and the Prince and Princess received the new Russian Ambassador, Prince Lobanoff.—The Prince of Wales holds a *levée* on behalf of the Queen at St. James's Palace on the 17th inst. His yacht, the *Osborne*, is now being refitted to be ready for service by the middle of March.—Princes Albert Victor and George were to leave Grenada in the *Bacchante* on Monday.

The Princess Louise reached Halifax on Monday in the *Sarmatian*, after a very rough passage of twelve days, the vessel having been weatherbound for fifteen hours off Lough Foyle at starting, and being delayed throughout the voyage by head-winds. As usual the Princess suffered much from sea-sickness. The Marquis of Lorne was waiting to receive his wife, who landed amidst salutes and the greetings of a large crowd, the Halifax officials and a guard of honour also welcoming the Princess. According to the *Albany Sunday Press*, a regular backwoods shanty has been constructed for the Princess during her absence in the woods attached to Rideau Hall, her residence at Ottawa.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught went to St. James's Theatre on Saturday night. The Duchess's eldest sister, the widowed Princess Henry of the Netherlands, is now staying with her at Bagshot. The Duke will preside on the 25th inst. at the annual dinner in aid of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, Lower Seymour Street.—Prince Leopold has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Institution.

The Duke of Edinburgh with his children returned to England on Monday, and leaving his family at Eastwell Park the Duke came up to town. Last night (Friday), he was to present the Queen's Prizes to the Metropolitan Drawing Classes at the Guildhall. The Duke spent last week in Paris with the Duchess, when they dined at the British Embassy and visited several theatres, and on Sunday night they met the Empress of Russia at the Northern station. The Empress had left Cannes the preceding afternoon, being carefully wrapped up, and carried by two Cossacks to the well-warmed train in an enclosed chair. The train travelled very slowly, and on reaching Paris Her Majesty was slightly better for the change, and was able to watch her grandchildren's meal in the saloon. The Duke of Edinburgh presented the Empress with a bouquet, and Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess and Prince Sergius—the Empress's fourth son—started for Berlin, where she arrived on Monday night, and spent an hour in the station with the Empress Augusta. The Imperial party reached St. Petersburg on Wednesday afternoon, and Her Majesty was at once conveyed to the Winter Palace in a covered carriage. The train was kept at a uniform temperature by a steam engine in the last carriage, and carried sufficient provisions for a fortnight.—The Empress of Austria arrived at Dover on Tuesday morning, rested and lunched and then travelled straight to Holyhead, where she slept on board the *Shamrock*, and crossed on Wednesday to Dublin on her way to Summerhill.



THE CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY.—The Free Church Presbyterians of Edinburgh are not satisfied with the manner in which the funds of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge are distributed. On Tuesday they sent a deputation to the Lord Advocate, urging the importance of an inquiry into the matter. His reply was that no immediate legislation could be expected, as there was an existing law under which, down to the end of this year, such bodies were to be allowed to reform themselves, and it was in contemplation to appoint a commission with power to do what was right in regard to those which did not do so. In the meantime, men like Dr. Begg could take legal steps to prevent any malversation of the funds in favour of the Established Church.

THE MISSION WEEK AT BRIGHTON.—The Ten Days' Mission in Brighton, undertaken at the suggestion of the Bishop of Chichester, to counteract "the frivolity and worldliness in the upper classes" and "the gross immorality in the lower classes" of the population of the town, was commenced on Saturday last, when most of the special mission preachers attended Divine service at the parish church of St. Peter's, where his Lordship preached a sermon, in

which he reiterated the opinion that the spiritual condition of the rich and the intellectual required, equally with that of the poor and illiterate, a special effort on the part of the Church. The response to the Bishop's appeal has been prompt and general. On Sunday last extra services were held in twenty of the district churches, and were attended by large congregations. Throughout the whole of this week frequent services, conducted by a large number of special missionaries, amongst whom are several well-known and highly popular preachers, are being held. On Monday next the Mission Week will be brought to a close with a series of thanksgiving services.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY.—The Mayor of Gloucester is treasurer of a fund which has just been started by Mr. Henry Jess of that city, with the object of placing a memorial marble statue of Robert Raikes in Gloucester Cathedral. Beyond a simple tablet in an obscure corner of St. Mary de Crypt Church there is no memorial to Robert Raikes in his native city.

THE FREE AND OPEN CHURCH MOVEMENT.—On Wednesday, at a largely attended special meeting of the Council of the Free and Open Church Association, Earl Nelson presiding, it was resolved to present a memorial to the Incorporated Church Building Society drawing attention to the frequent violation of the Society's conditions on which grants are made, by the subsequent renting or appropriation of seats stipulated to be free.

MR. SPURGEON, who is still at Mentone, has been persuaded by his congregation to delay his return to London for another week, and thus avoid the terrible fogs which have troubled the metropolis. He hopes, however, to preach at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday, the 15th inst. Last Sunday he preached in the French Protestant Church at Mentone, to a large congregation in which various nationalities were represented; and though he did not "speak with tongues" he is said to have made himself sufficiently intelligible to surprise agreeably his hearers.

THE SALVATION ARMY profits largely by the death of Miss Harvey, an eccentric elderly lady of Leamington, who died on Sunday last. Before her death she gave 300*l.* to "Captain" Maycock, of the Salvation Army, who was recently fined and imprisoned for obstructing the streets, and 1,200*l.* more for the local cause. She has likewise left him the house in which she resided, and bequeathed 1,000*l.* to "General" Booth, the chief of the Salvation Army, for the cause generally. During the past few years Miss Harvey had given the Wesleyans some 4,000*l.*



CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—*The Taming of the Shrew* has been given a third time, fully confirming the impression created on the first—*Rienzi*, *Carmen*, *Mignon*, and the *Bohemian Girl* being the other works repeated. With regard to *Faust*, the opera selected for Thursday night, we must defer speaking. The postponement of *Lohengrin* was a great disappointment for those who hoped that the new Wagnerian tenor, Herr Schott, might realise expectations which his *Rienzi* had by no means fulfilled. But better late than never; *Lohengrin* is announced for this evening, with Herr Schott as the swan-drawn hero, and Miss Gaylord, Mr. Rosa's favourite *prima donna*, as the dreamy, innocent, and perhaps on that account easily misguided, Elsa. The question now arises as to what Mr. Rosa will do to fill up the next month. The absence of Mr. Santley from the company would seem to put Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* (for which *Rienzi* is, after all, but a weak substitute) out of the question; but the repertory of opera, foreign and native, offers a wide field for exploration, and no manager in his sphere is better capable of exploring it than Mr. Rosa.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Saturday Concerts have been resumed, and Mr. Manns has returned from Glasgow to conduct them. In spite of the fog, which kept many away, the concert of this day week was eminently and deservedly successful. January the 31st being the anniversary of the birth of that extraordinary genius, Franz Peter Schubert, the entire programme was devoted to compositions, vocal and instrumental, from his pen. Among the rest not the least interesting was the introduction and first *allegro* from his earliest Symphony (in D major), composed in his eighteenth year, worth attention even on its own account, as at once a bright and solid piece of orchestral writing, but all the more so as evidence of singular precocity. The other instrumental pieces were old favourites at the Sydenham concerts. We had, for example, the first and second *entr'actes*, "Shepherd Melody" and "Air de Ballet" from the music which, beautiful as it is, failed to confer longevity upon the drama of *Rosamunde*, by Wilhelmina Chézy—who to Schubert was what she had also been to Weber, the non-success of whose *Euryanthe* was exclusively due to the weak librettos he submitted to him. Happily the music of Schubert was merely "incidental," and so while *Rosamunde* is unlikely ever to be reproduced on the stage, Schubert's harmonious illustrations will not easily be allowed to die while there exist enthusiasts able to appreciate their subtle and delicate touches. The crowning orchestral piece was the great Symphony in C—Schubert's "No. 9," as original and glorious in its way as the "No. 9" of Beethoven. The orchestra was in splendid force, and Mr. Manns, fully alive to the fact, made the utmost of it; so that criticism was literally tongue-tied. The singers were Miss Lillian Bailey and Herr Henschel. The gentleman accompanied the lady in her first two songs; and if the lady (one good turn deserves another) had accompanied the gentleman in his, we should have been spared orchestral adjuncts of which, in composing "Memnon" and "Geheimes," Schubert never dreamed. In the "Erl-König," the first composition which made Schubert generally known, Herr Henschel was accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. Theodore Frantzen; so that we had (transposition notwithstanding) Schubert in his integrity. "Schubert-Brahms" is no more to be respected than "Schubert-Liszt;" Schubert-Schubert alone should be authorised to pass muster. After the concert Dr. Charles Maclean, successor to the late Mr. J. Coward, played an interesting selection from various masters upon the great organ in the Handel Orchestra.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The masterly quartet in E flat, first of the series of six composed by Cherubini, opened the programme of Monday night's concert, and was played superbly by Madame Norman Neruda and her associates, Herr Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti. This quartet (of which we have spoken more than once) has now been given eight times at the Popular Concerts, while its immediate fellows (in D minor and C major) have each been heard once. There are yet three others, however (unpublished), as well as a quintet for stringed instruments (in E minor) which will merit the attention of that indefatigable explorer, Mr. Arthur Chappell; and, as we believe Herr Joseph Joachim possesses manuscript copies of them, they might easily be produced from time to time, and thus further enrich the already rich catalogue. The other feature at this concert was the new Sonata in A major (Op. 78), for pianoforte and violin, by Johannes Brahms, which has a much more cheerful tone than many of his "chamber-works," and is interesting from end to end. In the safe keeping of Dr. Von Bülow and Madame Neruda, it could not well have been more effectively given. Nevertheless, the sonata requires more than one hearing to appre-

ciate at its worth, and this it is tolerably sure to obtain. For solo Dr. Von Bülow chose Beethoven's "Variations on an Original Theme" (Op. 34), remarkable for the peculiarity that every variation except the last is in a different key from the theme. If the last variation had not been in F, it would be difficult to believe that the composition was by Beethoven, who, had he heard Wagner say, "Away with the tyranny of the tone-families!" would have retorted, "Away with the rebels against the tone-families!" In Mozart's divine quartet in G minor, associated with the performers already named, the learned Doctor, who is too thoroughly a musician not to appreciate music in its purest manifestations, played like a staunch disciple of the pure and good. After playing the pianoforte in this quartet on one occasion, Mendelssohn turned round to a friend, and with that truly angelic smile which, in happy moments, was always his, said, "Ah! then Music was young!" Dr. Von Bülow must have felt this as convincingly as Mendelssohn himself, to judge by the exquisite chasteness of his reading, the manner in which, at proper places, he made himself the aid rather than the despotic ruler of his fellow-players, and the *verve* at ready command whenever it was right and bounden duty to make his own part prominent. The singer at this concert was Mr. Barton McGuckin, who is making a rapid advance in public estimation, and who, in Schubert's "Die Allmacht," and a very pleasing song by M. Duvalier ("The Cooing of the Dove") was deservedly applauded. Mr. Zerbini was the accompanist.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Wednesday evening was devoted to a selection of operatic gems from the works of Weber, Gounod, Balfe, Wallace, and other composers. It is needless to say that in this kind of entertainment Madame Trebelli was thoroughly in her element, as she showed by her spirited delivery of "Il segreto" and other melodies. But her English lady-colleagues are better suited with simple ballads than with anything in the *bravura* style; for example, Miss Mary Davies, admirable in Wallace's "Sweet Spirit," was unequal to the dramatic force needed by Gounod's "Jewel Song." Mr. Maybrick, though rather out of voice, gave the Toreador's Song from *Carmen* with a good deal of spirit; Mr. Edward Lloyd rendered Weber's "O, 'tis a glorious sight" most admirably; and Mr. Santley gained great applause for his excellent rendering of Meyerbeer's "O live, or let me die." Nor should we omit to mention Madame Frickenhau's charming pianoforte solos from *Faust* and the *Huguenots*. Mr. Sims Reeves prudently stayed at home on account of the fog.

WATTS.—The Handel Festival is once more to be the grand musical event of the summer season, under the joint directorate of the Crystal Palace and the Sacred Harmonic Society, as on previous occasions. The Festival will be held in June.—The first concert of the time-honoured Philharmonic Society took place on Thursday, with Madame Montigny Rémaury as pianist.—The new Teatro Garibaldi, at Gallipoli, was inaugurated with Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*.—A new theatre has been inaugurated in Athens with *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, Halévy's once so popular opera.—For the first time these thirty years the theatre in Perugia remained closed during the season of the carnival.—Verdi will himself superintend some of the rehearsals of *Aida* at the Grand Opera, Paris. He does wisely.—Joseph Joachim, Emperor of fiddlers, has been giving concerts in Vienna with his accustomed success.—Abbé Liszt is now at Pesth, where he intends residing for some months; in the summer he goes to Weimar, his stronghold.—M. Vieuxtemps, the great Belgian violinist, is at Algiers, where his health has greatly benefited.—Wagner intends leaving Naples in a short time for Venice.—Madame Galli Marie, the original *Carmen*, has been singing with such success at Naples that her engagement is prolonged.—The "Mozart Cyclist" at Vienna has been such a complete success that it is contemplated to get up a similar demonstration in favour of Weber, beginning with his early opera *Sylvana* and ending with *Oberon*, his last. This is by far the best way to wage war with the "Zukunft," which is deaf to all reasons.—Miss Agnes Zimmermann has been playing with unvarying success in nearly all the principal towns in Germany. To be engaged to play, as she was, at two consecutive concerts at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, is a compliment rarely paid to any instrumentalist.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

THURSDAY was the third occasion on which the Queen has opened the present Parliament in person, and gilded what is often a very dull performance with some of the splendour of Royalty. The first time Her Majesty broke through her habitual seclusion was in 1876. When, in the following year, the favour was renewed, it seemed as though the Sovereign were inclined to come back to public life, and that the Estates of the realm, the Queen, Lords, and Commons, were once more to be regularly found in full entity. But it has happened that till Thursday the Session of 1877 remained the last whose opening the Queen has witnessed.

In 1878 it was rumoured that Her Majesty proposed to comfort her Prime Minister in somewhat difficult circumstances by vouchsafing her presence. She did not come then, and last year there were special reasons that made her absence less noteworthy. The Session of 1879 really began in 1878, if the Libermanism is permissible. What is known in Parliamentary records as the Winter Session of 1878 was taken as opening the Parliamentary Session of the following year. Parliament was not prorogued in December, but adjourned, and when business was resumed in February there was no fresh Queen's Speech, and, indeed, no formal opening of the Houses—not even the maimed formality in which the Lords Commissioners play a spectacular part.

The difference between the two events—the opening of Parliament by the Queen herself, and the performance of the ceremony by a Royal Commission—is deeply marked. It may, in some measure, though not adequately, be indicated by the difference between a business rehearsal of a play and the "first night" performance before a crowded and expectant audience. There is, in truth, something in the opening of Parliament by a Royal Commission that trenches dangerously near on the absurd. The figures of four Lords Commissioners seated on the Woolsack, in their ill-fitting cloaks of undesirable red, is calculated rather to create a smile than to induce any proper feeling of reverence or respect. It cannot be laid to the charge either of the House of Lords or the House of Commons that they unduly affect this feeling. Only a few peers think it worth their while to put in an appearance, though, of course, such of Her Majesty's Ministers as have seats in the Upper House are careful to be present. A few ladies grace the scene by their presence, and any distinguished foreigners who may chance to be in London, and who would not miss an opportunity of improving their minds, may be found curiously scanning the old scene from the side galleries. Even members of the House of Commons, whose greed for anything that will serve to while away an idle half-hour often manifests itself among the graver business of State, are not to be attracted in any numbers by the sham splendours of the Commission. A score or two troop in behind the Speaker, when in obedience to the mandate borne by Black Rod he appears at the Bar to hear the Speech read. But many who are in attendance in the other House do not think it worth while to traverse the corridors and hear Lord Cairns recite the well-measured, if not always grammatical, sentences of the Speech.

On Thursday, however, with the sun of Royalty shining, the whole scene was changed. The House of Lords is a chamber which naturally lends itself to spectacle, a circumstance that, perhaps by reason of its incongruity, makes the miserable display

of the Royal Commission the more ludicrous. The scene was one which few capitals might equal, and not many Courts surpass. There is not at the English Court such a run upon ribands and glittering uniforms as may be noted on gala occasions elsewhere. But what was lacking in these respects as the contribution of the native soil, was made up by the profusion of honorific paraphernalia with which foreign Ambassadors sought to do honour to the Sovereign to whose Court they are accredited. The Ambassadors sat, a row two deep, in that part of the House which lies to the right of the Woolsack, and is usually sanctified by the presence of the Bishops. As for the Bishops, they were partly relegated to the front seat of their section of the House, and late comers sat wherever they could find a few inches of bench. The muster of peers was remarkable. There were few noble houses that were not represented, and any one looking down from the gallery was privileged to behold in rare numbers the proudest, oldest, and richest peerage in the world.

To meet this exceptional demand on space, the floor of the House had been crowded with narrow benches, something like school forms, with the exception that they were covered with red cushions. Perhaps the peers might, with a little crowding, have seated themselves on their accustomed benches; but the fact is, that in addition to abandoning, at the instincts of hospitality, one section of the House to the foreign ambassadors, they had, in deference to sentiments of chivalry, given up nearly the whole of the benches below the gangway to ladies. The enjoyment of this privilege had been eagerly competed for, and was made fully available. A line was drawn at the front bench down both sides of the House, Ministers and ex-Ministers occupying their usual places. But for the rest the ladies had asserted the predominance of their sex, and the benches so often empty, or occasionally occupied by a few elderly gentlemen in black, were now masses of colour, and bright with eyes that rained influence.

At a few minutes to two the only vacant seat in the House was that on the Throne. Punctually at the stroke of the hour the Queen entered, and was received by the whole assembly standing. When Her Majesty had succeeded in fixing herself in the capacious and not too convenient throne-chair, she, by a slight gesture of the right hand, indicated her pleasure that the assemblage should be seated. This done, Black Rod received, also by signal, instructions to bid the Commons gather to Her Majesty's presence. After a brief pause, the silence of which was broken only by the rustle of the ladies' dresses, a great noise was heard outside. This increased to the proportions of a stampede, and then was discovered the Speaker marching with sorely hustled dignity at the head of the boisterous stream of faithful Commons, each man striving to get as near as might be to the front row without knocking over the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or assaulting the Home Secretary. As usual the Lord Chancellor read the Speech, the Queen's part in the pageant being confined to entering, seating herself for a few minutes, and then retiring, an example swiftly followed by the brilliant throng.



A RAILWAY COMPENSATION CASE, just decided by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, is interesting from its similarity to the legal question which will probably arise out of the Tay Bridge disaster. It came up in the form of an appeal from the judgment of a Canadian Court. During a violent storm in August last a bridge on the South Eastern Railway of Canada was destroyed, and the train in which the appellant was a passenger was precipitated into a chasm. Damages were claimed to the amount of 10,000*l.*, and a verdict was given for 1,400*l.*, but the Court of Queen's Bench ordered a new trial on the ground of "misdirection," and that the damages were excessive. The Judicial Committee have, however, decided that neither of these grounds was established, and affirming the judgment of the Canadian Court, have allowed the appellant costs in both courts. The railway company's defence was that the accident was "an Act of God."

DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVES.—The criminal and almost insane carelessness with which gunpowder and other explosives are handled by some persons who are accustomed to use them has often been the subject of remark. Last week, at Cupar, a man was fined 5*l.* and costs for having stored 1,000 lbs. of dynamite in an unlicensed brick building near the south end of the Tay Bridge, where, had an explosion taken place, a fearful amount of damage to life and property must have resulted; and a like fine has been imposed on the contractors for the Mersey Tunnel Trial Shafts for permitting dynamite to be removed in a dangerous manner. A lad in their employ had been stopped and questioned as he was going on one of the Woodside steamers with a sack on his back. He said the sack contained potatoes, but on examination there were found in it 50 lbs. of dynamite and 100 detonators, and in his pockets there were found loose a number of lucifer matches, which the lad admitted had been there for several days.

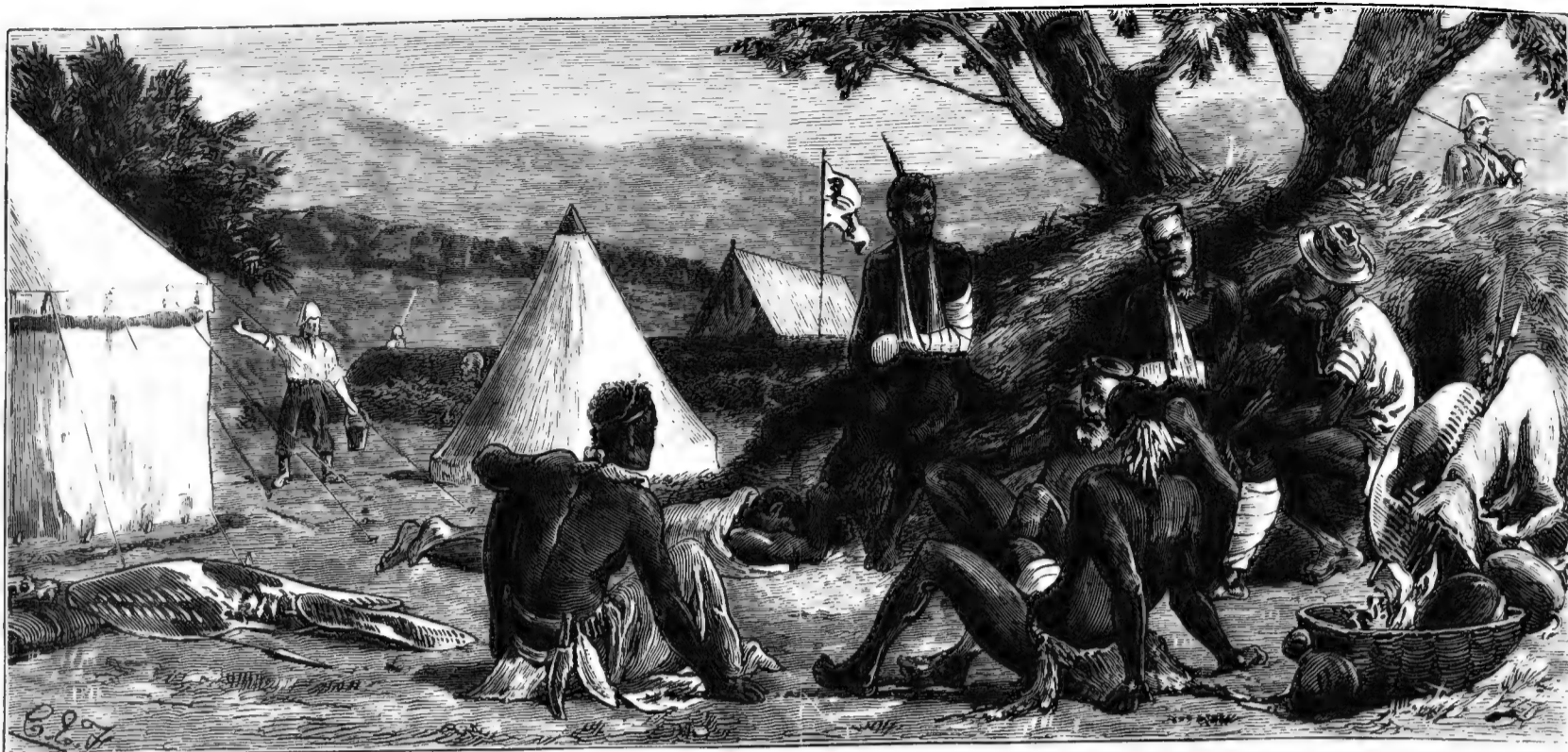
JURY REFORM.—A "National Jury System Reform Association" is being formed in Salford with the object of agitating for the payment of all jurymen for their services. The promoters appeal to all "who love freedom and hate slavery" for help against the "cruel injustice of forcing men away from their business, upon which they are in many cases entirely dependent for their livelihood, making them work as jurymen and paying them nothing either for loss suffered, or service rendered."

TRADES' UNION PICKETING.—The other day two shoemakers were charged before Mr. De Rutzen with having intimidated a workman employed at a manufactory against which the Union had declared a strike, but the summonses were dismissed on a technical point, they having been taken out under an old Act, which it was contended had been repealed by the Conspiracy Act of 1875. Mr. De Rutzen, however, offered to grant fresh summonses if they were applied for.

ANTI-VACCINATORS.—On Monday, at Brighton, three men, who were summoned for neglecting to have their children vaccinated, appeared at the police-court in company with a large following of friends and sympathisers, and behaved in an extraordinarily violent way. One defiantly declared that he would obey no order that might be made, and asked to be sent to prison at once, so that he might come out in time for the London season, as he was a fly-driver. Another objected to one of the magistrates sitting on the bench, saying that he was embittered against him, and commencing a long harangue, refused to leave the witness-box, from which he was ultimately ejected by sheer force, five constables being engaged in the task, and the witness-box being smashed in the struggle. Ultimately orders were made upon each defendant to have his children vaccinated in a month's time. During the hearing placards were exhibited headed "Brighton Mission," to the following effect:—"Prayers are earnestly requested at the coming Mission for the Officers' Duties Committee, especially for the chairman."

A TURKISH SWINDLER.—One Eugene Shalob is in custody at Newcastle for obtaining money under false pretences. Armed with cards of introduction to clergymen and others in the town, and with letters from Lord Salisbury's Secretary and the Lord Mayor of

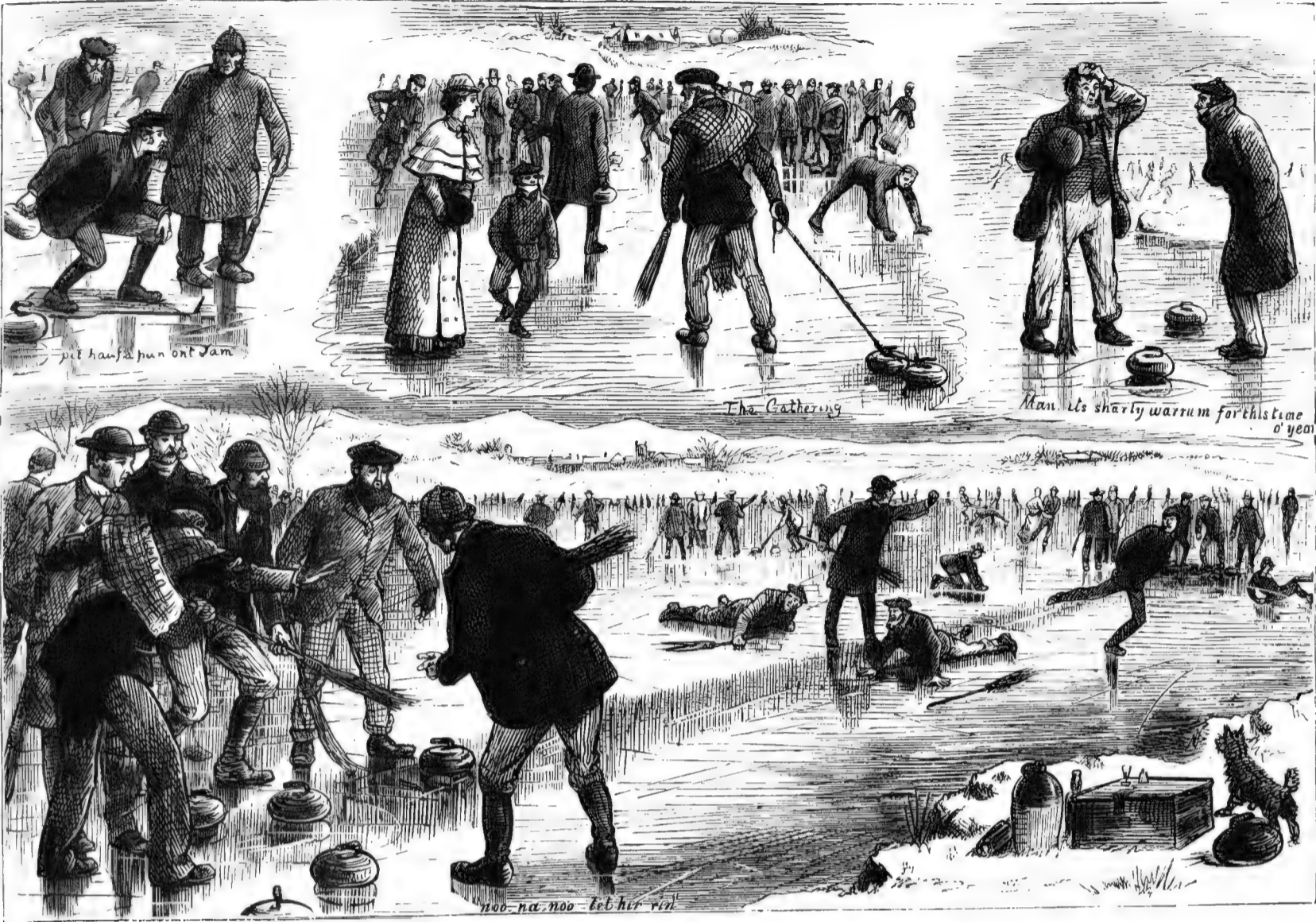
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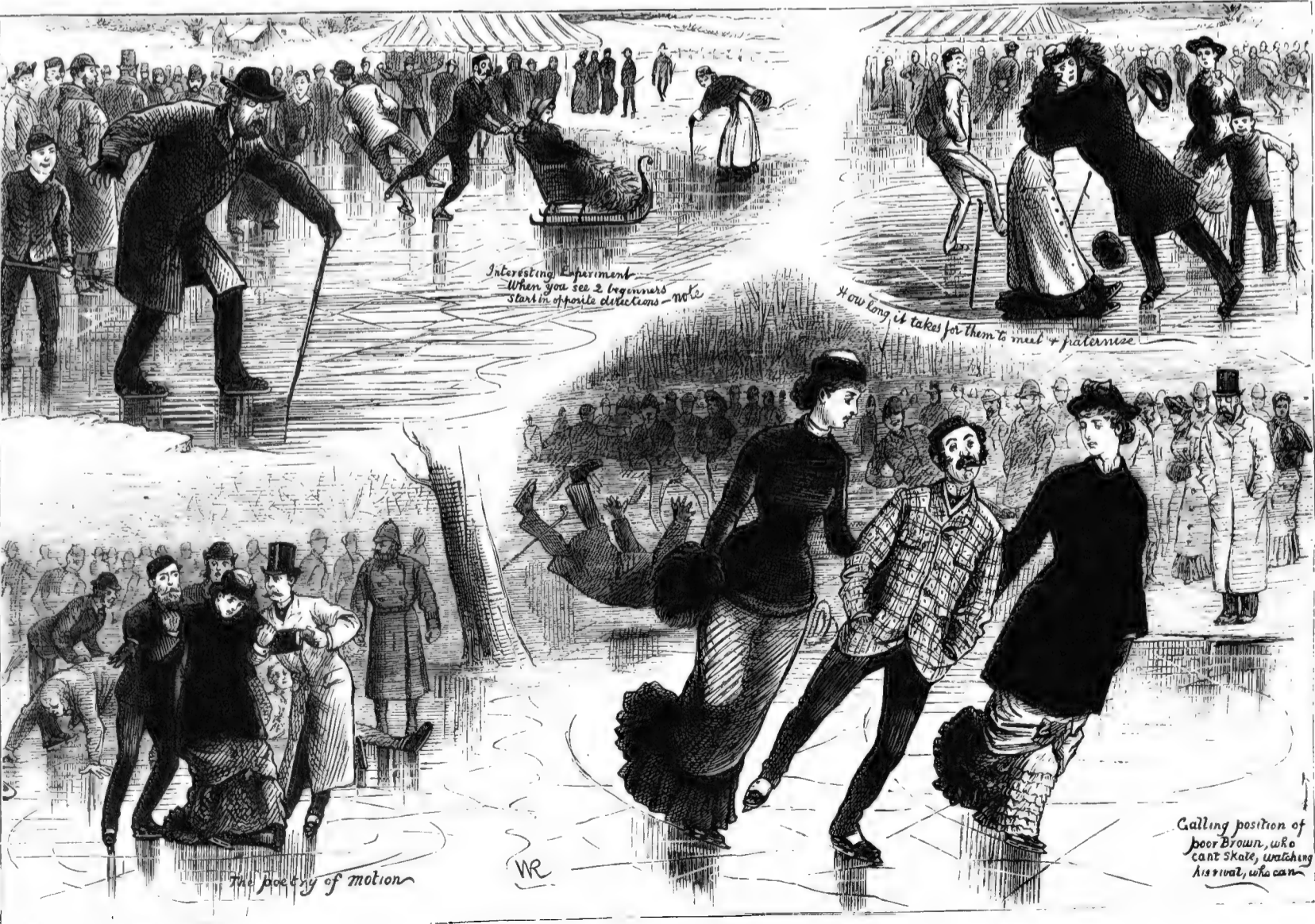
SOUTH AFRICA — WITH BAKER RUSSELL'S COLUMN : WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF THE NATIVE CONTINGENT



SCENE FROM HERMANN GOETZ'S NEW OPERA, "TAMING OF THE SHREW," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE



CURLING IN THE NORTH



SKATING IN THE SOUTH
SPORTS ON THE ICE

BARRISTERS' BOYS

I WONDER if every barrister goes through "a course of boys." (You will understand what I mean presently.) I never went the length of making that inquiry of any other member of the Bar, because those I know are mostly rising men, and as I like to place myself—in their imagination, at any rate—in the same category, I have naturally hesitated to put a question which might not bear favourably upon my legal career.

By a course of boys, I mean clerks. That is their technical name. *Entre nous* we call them boys. Reynolds and myself share the same chambers, partly from economy, partly from a wish not to be alone in our patient expectation of possible clients, and partly from a mutual wish to have a share—in a boy.

There was no difficulty about the first one—he was everything we could desire, or expect from a lad of eleven or twelve years—until one day, when he had a birthday, and then it was we bought our first experience (in boys): a birthday we found with him meant promotion—in other words, more pay.

Reynolds and I shook our heads. It would never do, we argued, to give into boys with birthdays. They ought to be shown they were getting too old for that sort of thing.

There must be plenty more boys, we agreed, and thereupon we told him he might take his departure. Yes, there were plenty more boys, as we easily proved. But there never was one to compare to him of the birthday, none of them stayed so long; a month, two months—a consultation on their failings and disqualifications—and then the result was invariably dismissal.

Yet Reynolds was always for improving these "boys" the moment he found that a tolerably legible hand and very indifferent spelling was the invariable sum and substance of their attainments. He even resorted to purchasing a grammar and a short History of England, portioning them out various pieces to learn during the times when they were given to kicking their heels (they all kicked their heels) against the leg of the table. Arithmetic, however, he maintained, was the surest method of taming them, and knocking a proper sense of the post they held into their heads. One or two, maybe, showed a faint recognition of his attempts to waken a higher order of intelligence in them, but most of them adopted an air of more utter incompetency than before. "At least I thought it might lighten their time," he observed, with a sigh that spoke for itself as he would glance at the one or two solitary briefs upon the table and mantelshelf, advantageously arranged so as best to impress the long-coming clients.

There wasn't a boy—barristers' clerks though they professed to be—but spent more than half his time in playing marbles whenever we sent him for a message, though they all vowed with penitent downcast faces, whenever we found them out, which we constantly did, that they would never do it again—till the next time, or the time after. Strange, too, if I sent them for any small edible at luncheon-time—for it behoved us to keep well within our resources—they were always stale, unpalatably stale, and a very long while in making their appearance—the nearest bakers were entirely sold out of them, we were invariably told whenever we demanded a satisfactory explanation. Not that we ever received it as such. Those stale luncheons had the effect of making us go out for a time or two ourselves, with, of course, a happier result.

"Reynolds," I began one day, with some hesitation, we having previously threatened the present boy with dismissal; "a lady of my acquaintance"—he looked up sharply; was it to be business—or—pleasure? As the latter alternative suggested itself, he frowned, for he was a Scotchman, and he did not approve of frivolity in chambers—"a lady of my acquaintance," I continued, boldly plunging *in medias res*, "has asked me if I would try a boy she takes a particular interest in. Our present—well, clerk—is stupid, exceptionally so—and really you know it would be a kindness," I hesitated again—"To us and to her," suggested Reynolds, drily, which meant that we might as well try him.

"Ruddy cheeks—fat and puffy—we've never had a puffy one before."

"Oh! we'll soon change all that!" exclaimed my friend. "A week's kicking against the legs of the table will take it all out of him."

But no. A little to Reynold's grievance, as he morning after morning sent a sharp, scrutinising glance at our new boy, he found the latter altogether unchanged in appearance, and he would readjust his spectacles with an air of being convinced against his will. Our "charity-boy," as we called him, was in some respects a worse specimen of his class than the rest. It certainly was aggravating, when on rare occasions we came up to chambers late (Reynolds, who was slightly superstitious, averred that it was the best way to tempt one's luck), to find that the client, who had been at last, had gone, and had been told that we were not in; never had been, in fact. Why not have said that we would be there almost immediately, and have offered the said client a chair. After that remonstrance we had very little hold over our "charity boy," for the day before I had found occasion to read him a lecture upon fibbing generally; and I could see he was bearing it in mind, from another point of view, as we mildly suggested that he might have suppressed the fact of our non-appearance.

Our "laundress" (the woman who takes care of all barristers' chambers) was a woman with a difficult temper, but nevertheless obliging, and as I had rendered her some trifling service, she took an early opportunity of showing me her appreciation of it by presenting me with a box of chocolate creams. A nephew of hers, who was in the trade, had been ordered to make them for my especial delectation. She was poor, and I suppose it was the only offering she could make without cost. The chocolates were placed upon my table as a pleasant surprise. At the same time I found that their paper had been evidently removed and the string cut. The boy was naturally forthwith summoned. His explanation was, "Please, sir, I don't know how it came over me, but I felt I must open it." And there he stopped, so did I, to consider. Somehow I reflected it was a temptation to him, and he had resisted. "Very well, but—" Suddenly looking into the box and finding several vacancies in the rows of chocolates, "Stop," I cried, ringing for the laundress. "This box was full, I presume," I said sternly to Mrs. Smith, when she appeared. I spoke it in a tone of supreme confidence, feeling perfectly assured an affirmative from her was all that was needed to convict the boy.

"No, sir, it was not. I happened to remark it myself to my nephew, and I'm sure if he'd a known you was put out about it—"

And then, of course, I broke in and told her about the boy. But somehow I felt she did not see my explanation in the best light, nor do I believe did I ever stand quite so well in her opinion again. At the same time Reynolds advised that it would be as well for the boy to depart. But before he left I had to undergo another and worse trial.

My best client—I had only two—had come in for a moment to ask my opinion, which I was giving gratis, as I was anxious to keep upon the best of terms with him, when in rushed the boy.

"Oh—oh, sir!" he turned away from where I sat and gazed with a gaping, confused air at Reynolds; but finding the latter had assumed his stoniest aspect, he had recourse again to me.

"Well, what is it?—out with it—why don't you?" I began.

"If you please, sir—I didn't know you—and shall I get your bun?"

I had gone into Court on a miserable guinea brief before Malins, and as it was close upon his lunch hour the motion had been summarily dismissed, and my intended speech cut down to two or

three words. If my chance had only been a little earlier in the day, when the Vice-Chancellor's appetite had not begun to assert itself, who knows what a difference it might have made to me!

Only think what a revelation that boy's entrance and exclamation was to my best client!

"I tell you what it is," said Reynolds one day in desperation, "I think it must be something in the paper of these rooms—the boys, when they first come, are cheerful enough, and their faces sufficiently intelligent to look at; I might even say this last one led me to suppose that a comical vein would in all probability develop itself at certain auspicious moments, in fact, it was from that latter circumstance that I was chiefly induced to take him, and—look at him—look at them all—compare them with what they have been—and now! There's an agitated dullness about them that never breaks out into the faintest gleam of intelligence."

Whereupon, by way of giving a fair start to the boy—or future boys—my friend had fresh paper put upon the walls, but, I fancy, with no better result. After that I went away for a change, and left him to the entire management of the boy.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, upon my return; "you don't mean to say that this is the new boy?—whatever did you engage him for?"

"For his long neck chiefly. I took it as a sign that he might be different from the rest of them—we've never had a long-necked one before, you know. All the others had short throats."

"But," I interrupted, "he looks so stupid."

"I grant you that," he confessed; "only it was a matter of sheer desperation. Three such perfect dolts came one after the other to see if they would do, upon which I instantly told them they would certainly not, that when this fourth one came in at the door looking more foolish than any other, it aggravated me into taking him at once."

Naturally that boy turned out to be a signal failure.

So we tried once more.

"Ah! a boy who has to be interviewed along with his father is a fresh experience," exclaimed Reynolds, as these two made their way up our flight of stairs and presented themselves to our gaze.

"If you please, sir, he's nervous; and you don't see him at his best," began the father.

"We don't want to see him at his best," protested Reynolds; "we would rather be prepared for the worst."

"He's a very intelligent boy—"

"Ah! I dare say; but very intelligent boys never flourish well here; their intelligence withers sooner or later—generally sooner—we find. After the third day a rapid consumption of ordinary intelligence invariably sets in."

"He can write fluently," began the father once more.

"Yes. Preceding boys have done as much—they never could do very much more."

"If you would only try him at his writing, sir," pleaded the man.

"So we will—so we will. Let him commence at once." And the boy wrote, "How do you feel, this morning?" at Reynolds' dictation.

"It's his very worst hand, I'll take my word."

The man's tone was decidedly melancholy. He did not understand my friend; and he thought it was going against his boy.

"Then I think we'll take him," said Reynolds with brisk decision. And this is our present boy. He certainly does not kick the legs of the table so much as his predecessors.

CARL MAX



THIS is the month for "stippling in," to use an artistic phrase, the unnoticeable yet necessary backgrounds for the toilette, without which no costume is complete. Twice a year the linen drawers should be over-looked, and from three to six new articles of under-clothing of every kind should be made to replace those upon the wane; by this means a good stock may always be kept in readiness for a sudden journey or an unexpected visit. Nothing more distinctly stamps a lady, young or old, than a good supply of neatly made underclothing. Fancifully arranged in a box the pale blue, cream, or flesh pink silk, trimmed with lace, under garments look very pretty, but after passing through the hands of an ordinary laundress they very soon become faded wrecks; such luxuries may only be indulged in by very wealthy people, and even then are in very dubious taste. Those of our readers whose time is so filled up as to leave no margin for needlework will do well to make judicious purchases at the numerous sales now on at high class establishments, avoiding all showy bargains, with coarse but elaborate embroidery; far better to buy plain but neatly made garments and to trim them with home work or not at all. As to the yellow or coffee coloured laces which look very well for outward apparel, they should be avoided for under-linen, which should be of the purest white. As the winter draws to its close first-class flannel may be bought at a very moderate price; vests and petticoats may be renewed, as in truth, if not in theory, we have still two months of cold weather to look forward to, hence it is well to put away for the spring those flannel garments which have served through the last three months, and wear those which are new. Our young readers who have just started with a good outfit and a small allowance will do well to follow our advice, and if only they keep up their stock of underclothing they will always have a pound to spare for little fineries.

This is a very good time to buy a black silk dress, which is a useful piece of property no woman, old, middle-aged, or young, should be without; it never is really old-fashioned, and always stands its ground amidst the kaleidoscopic changes of the fashionable world, so utterly impossible to keep pace with, in the present hard times, by those women who do not live for themselves alone. A dress which will serve two purposes, namely, for late winter and early spring, may be made of black silk foundation and velvet trimmings for the present, and of the former with satin for the future. For example, skirt of black silk, with nine or twelve narrow flounces, according to the height of the wearer, reaching a little above the knees, over-dress of black velvet, made with a short square train, edged with beaded lace or gimp; long detached revers at each side, trimmed to match. The make of the bodice must depend upon the figure of the wearer, if slim, a very deep double point may be worn; if the reverse, a long waistcoat, trimmed with handsome gimp and lace; for the former puffed sleeves, graduated from the shoulder to the wrist, of velvet and silk; for the latter, velvet sleeves, with flat beaded gimp epaulettes and cuffs. With a trifling amount of ingenuity this substantial black silk foundation may serve as a frame for many variations.

This is how a young friend of ours, as she quaintly observed, "produced almost as many *suites* as Handel or Haydn on a given theme." First came that described above. Secondly a dinner dress of ruby velvet, piped and trimmed with pink satin. Thirdly, a white cashmere, piped and trimmed with blue; and, fourthly, a Watteau over dress of alternate stripes, three inches wide, of black satin, embroidered in dead gold beads, and dead gold gauze, embroidered in jet beads, this last-named was the most effective of all the variations.—For evening wear a plain, well-gored dress, made high to the throat, with elbow sleeves, of white *satin Turc*—one of the

latest revivals in materials—or of satinette, is a very useful foundation over which may be worn a white or delicate hued gauze, *crêpe*, or grenadine, draped skirt and bodice. We recently saw a charming dress from Paris called "La Robe Esclave," made in the Grecian style of very fine *mousseline de laine*. The bodice was gathered in pleats and fastened with a golden band; the train was very long. A peplum opened at the side, and displayed embroidery in gold thread. The hair was worn in loose puffs, confined by three gold bands.

The mania for high art costumes is steadily on the increase; it is really lamentable to see how some very pretty girls contrive to make themselves almost ugly, and plain personages are often painful to look upon. Some of the low-toned colours make the wearers look positively ghastly. The followers of this school strike out for themselves, it is, therefore, needless to offer any suggestions to them.

During the cold weather velvet and plush bodices trimmed with rich lace, the costlier and more antique the better, will continue to be worn with thin materials for skirts. Velvet for evening dress is made in pale delicate shades, such as silver grey, dove-colour, evening sky blue, and tea-rose pink. On some are painted bouquets of flowers, whilst the front breadth of others are painted like a fan in graduated bouquets. The mixture of ruby velvet and pink satin is very popular, but already is getting common.

The *Révue de la Mode* recently gave a description of a very elegant costume. Dress of violet satin, with a square train, the front thickly embroidered with beads of gold, violet, and ruby-coloured on a chenille foundation. Bodice attached to the dress, plastron embroidered to match the skirt, cut low and square; two wide braces, embroidered in beads, cross the shoulders, and make it appear as though the corsage was cut *en cœur*. To replace the sleeves, wide bands or bracelets, four in number, are arranged from the shoulder to the bend of the arm—a bow of violet satin on each band.

Never was the style of coiffure more becoming than at the present time; our Parisian neighbours frankly own that they follow the English fashion with slight improvements. We no longer see the straight heavy fringe of hair touching the eyebrows, which gave such a savage expression to many a pretty young face, nor the tightly screwed up knot of hair at the back; on the top of the head and forehead are small light curls, and waved bandeaus, confined by three bands of corded ribbon or velvet, for morning wear, and rows of pearls or small flowers for evening dress; the back hair is arranged according to fancy in a loose coil or long curls pinned up from the nape of the neck to the crown of the head. If flowers are used they must be real, and fastened in with careless grace.



No one who has not looked into Lieutenant C. W. Sleeman's "Torpedoes and Torpedo Warfare" (Griffin, Portsmouth; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London) would suspect that the subject is so interesting, even to the uninitiated. Lieutenant Sleeman has aimed at producing a practical handbook, embracing the latest improvements, and illustrated with fifty-seven full page diagrams; he has also given a history of the rise and progress of submarine warfare, from the "submarine magazines" fired by Captain Bushnell, of Connecticut, in 1775, and Fulton's experiments in the Seine in 1797, and in Brest harbour in 1801, down to the last Russian attack with Whitehead fish torpedoes just two years ago at Batoum. There are more kinds of torpedoes and torpedo-boats than there are of rifles; and opinions differ as to the value of Harvey's, Thewycroft's, Yarrow's, Porter's, McEvoy's, and the rest. But of all it is equally true that what Lieutenant Sleeman calls "their moral power" makes them more valuable for defence than even for attack. In the late war the Russian attacks almost always failed; the wonder is the Turks did not retaliate in kind. Instead of this, their fleet was made useless by fear of the torpedoes with which every Russian harbour was supposed to be beset. Fulton quarrelled with Bonaparte, and brought his plans to Pitt, who warmly approved of them; but Lord St. Vincent wisely said: "Pitt is a fool to encourage a mode of warfare which, if successful, will wrest the trident out of Britannia's hands." No doubt we now fight at sea under quite new conditions; hence not only every navy-man but every landsman who cares about modern naval warfare should study Lieut. Sleeman.

Mr. Demetrius Charles Boulger, author of other books about Central Asia, has done what he could in "Central Asian Portraits" (Allen, Waterloo Place) to make a dull subject interesting. We fear he will hardly persuade many readers to care for Khodolad Khan, and Abderrahmann, whether Barucksye or Afshabatcha. Charles Lamb would have nothing to do with Southey's outlandish heroes; he drew the line at Moors, and only admitted them because one of them was called Othello. Most of us draw the line at Afghans. Even a real hero like Yakob Beg, who for thirteen years, with ridiculously insignificant resources, held his own in Kashgar against China on the one hand and Russia on the other, and who, with delicious irony, asked General Kauffmann to let him send an embassy to St. Petersburg to congratulate his brother the Czar on his daughter's marriage with a Prince of England, his good friend and ally, is for most of us a mere name. More shame for us. Had we known more about "the celebrities of the Khanates," we might have managed to checkmate Russia without a costly and a troublesome war in Afghanistan. Speaking of Noor Verdi Khan and the recent Turcoman successes, Mr. Boulger says: "Noor Verdi knows the capture of Merv by Russia would strike terror to every Turcoman heart, and the Akhals would probably come to the conclusion that further resistance would be futile." At the same he thinks the Mervites would resist the Russians "to the bitter death." Besides his Turcomans, he sketches Tcherniaeff and other Russians, as well as the Afghan rulers from Dost Mohammed to Yakob Beg Khan.

Beginning with ratting and (*insandum*) robin and blackbird shooting beside a Lanarkshire stream, and winding up with prairie-chickens and milk-snakes in Illinois, Mr. Parker Gillmore has seen much more of hunting and shooting than falls to the lot even of professed sportsmen. He assures us that these "Adventures in Many Lands" (Marcus Ward) are none of them imaginary; he has only altered their order so as to take his readers round the world, beginning with Spain, Barbary, and the Gibraltar foxhounds, and on by way of India to China. Thence, after a cruise through the Japanese inland sea, he crosses to California, and works his way up to Canada, hunting and shooting as he goes. In the Rocky Mountains, he tells us, there are white hermits by no means of the mediæval type, who steadily refuse intercourse with their kind. One of these, a Frenchman, he met; but when he tried to get up a conversation, the man's eyes flashed defiance, and with a hasty "Pardon, monsieur," he strode away. "After all," Mr. Gillmore candidly admits, "he might have been no hero but an outlawed villain." The most exciting of his encounters was with a tiger in the Todah Valley. After this beast was killed, he rode down a wolf, giving him two hundred yards' start, and coming alongside in less than a mile. Sidney Hall's illustrations add much to the value of this new edition of a really admirable book for boys. It comes to us clad in one of Marcus Ward's cheap and useful "Adaptable book covers."

Mr. Hepple Hall, in his "Lands of Plenty: British North America for Health, Sport, and Profit" (Allen and Co.), characterises the Canadian summers and writers as "equally decided." We doubt if this euphemism will satisfy health-seekers that the extreme heat and severe cold are "less trying to the constitution than the ever-changing and humid atmosphere of England and Ireland," though the Icelanders of Gimli seem to find the change a pleasant one. To the farmer, however, several parts of the Dominion present great attractions, especially the prairie-land of Manitoba where there is no tree-felling and stump-extracting work to begin with. A freehold farm at a dollar an acre, the yield of which in wheat is thirty bushels, or of prairie-grass three tons, is tempting in these bad times, and the Homestead Law, which secures the farmers' furniture and implements and part of his stock from seizure for debt, is a guarantee against illness or other unforeseen misfortune. Ontario, again (in Indian the word means "the beautiful") grows splendid crops. Its wheat took the first prize at the Paris Exhibition of 1867; its Fruit-Growers' Association sent a wonderful show to the Philadelphia Centennial. Mr. Hall gives, along with an elaborate map, much information about fares, distances, emigration agents, &c. Visitors would do well to secure a good hard winter; the occasional thaws not only stop all traffic, but all amusement.

"Beethoven and His Contemporaries," by Ludwig Nohl (Reeves, Fleet Street), opens with an enthusiastic dedication "to the Master of Masters, Richard Wagner, Bayreuth;" and Wagner is spoken of as Beethoven's "true successor and spiritual pupil." The Master himself—not content with Schindler's work—talked of writing a life of Beethoven "in the form of an art-romance, the style somewhat imaginative, but the anecdotes, &c., scrupulously verified." Wagner's "higher mission" prevented his doing this; so Herr Nohl has gathered all that noteworthy contemporaries said in letters or musical newspapers about the great composer's deafness and consequent bearishness, his poverty (at one time he says to an inquiring friend: "I'm not ill; but my boot is, and I've only one pair"), his want of business habits, laying him open to robbery by those about him, and the strange antics which he played when he acted as conductor. Herr Nohl sets down each report successively without attempting to amalgamate them. The effect on the reader is puzzling, unless, indeed, his enthusiasm should lead him to catalogue chronologically as he goes on. Bettina Brentano, "that incarnation of Mignon," daughter of Goethe's old friend, Max von Laroche, she who dared to dress as she looked best, and not according to fashion, wrote in raptures to Goethe that "no king, no emperor ever had such a consciousness of power as this Beethoven has;" and Goethe replied to "his dearest child" in the same exalted style. Beethoven was flattered; and declared that Goethe's poems had great power over him, and moved him to composition. "Tell Goethe," said he, "he must hear my symphonies; and then he will agree that music is the only spiritual entrance to a higher world of knowledge, melody being the sensuous life of poetry." Bettina knew how to manage the gruff composer; he who would not play to please the Emperor; or the nobles whose pensioner he was, played daily for her because she told him his playing would be a most glorious epoch in her life. Beethoven was a long time in working himself into public notice in Vienna. "Protection" in his case fostered real genius; it would have fared very ill with him but for the pensions from Archduke Rudolph and Princes Kinsky and Lobkowitz. *Fidelio* utterly failed at first, but afterwards, thanks to Mme. Schröder-Devrient's wonderful acting, it made quite a *fièvre*. Herr Nohl is very angry that Beethoven should be accused of saying in his last moments—"Plaudite amici; finita est comedia." His real words were—"I defy you, ye adverse powers. Depart; God is with me."

It is scarcely fair on the biographer that his book is so often forestalled by the magazine writer. This has not been the case in regard to Buckle. *Fraser* and the *Chess Player's Magazine* told us a good deal about him seventeen years ago; since when a new generation of readers has grown up eager for all Mr. A. H. Huth has collected about the man who strove to bring history within the circle of the exact sciences. His two volumes, "The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle" (Sampson Low and Co.), form one of the important books of the season. Though he sadly remarks in the preface: "The premature death of Henry Huth, Buckle's warm friend, has spoiled the reader of the benefit of his revision, and me of any pleasure in the publication of these pages," we feel that in him Buckle has an appreciative as well as a painstaking and conscientious biographer. Of himself and his family Mr. Huth says too little; we should like to have heard more of the two lads (only in a note are we told that he was one of them) who were so suddenly bereft of their tutor. Buckle belonged to a London family. Sir Cuthbert Buckle, of Brough, in Westmoreland, was Lord Mayor in 1593; the firm of Buckle, Bagster, and Buckle had been large shipowners for generations. His exceedingly feeble health as a child cannot, however, be charged on London, for his mother was one of the Yorkshire Middletons. He never cared for boyish games or books. His great delight was to sit for hours by his mother's side and hear the Scriptures read. Up to eight he hardly knew his letters; when he began to read, Bunyan, Shakespeare, Don Quixote, and the Arabian Nights were his only books. School he hated; when he got a prize (for mathematics, mostly learnt by watching another class at the blackboard) his father asked what reward he would like: "to be taken away" was his reply. Yet his dislike was not due to his fear of chastisement, for he said, many years after: "There is nothing like the cane: a few strokes that sting make a boy careful, and don't interfere with his health, like keeping in." His chief games were romping and turning everything at home upside down, and "Parson and Clerk," a cousin of his own age playing the latter. His father was a staunch Tory, much troubled by his wife's strict Calvinism, as indeed she was herself, "her tender nature suffering much from her cold and rigid belief so foreign to it." By and by, we know she conquered this; but, looking to his early surroundings, we can hardly say that the boy Buckle was father of the man. When he first went abroad he cared as little for art as he did for music; his distaste for which he defended on principle, noting in his "Commonplace Book" that some idiots have extraordinary facility for learning airs, though (on the other hand) the Devil (*feste* Luther) cannot bear music. On his Eastern tour Egyptian art interested and delighted him, yet he rated the old Egyptian civilisation very low, believing the priests' learning to have covered only a very narrow range. France he believed to be next to England the most civilised country in the world. "There are more who can read and write in Germany, but reading and writing are only means to knowledge. Look at the boxes of French fruit; they are filled by the lowest people, yet how much refinement do they show." Louis Napoleon he called "that great brigand;" but his democratic feeling did not blind him to the fact that "George III. forced America prematurely into democracy; an intellectual democracy ought to precede a political." His own talents he rated highly; when Consul Thayer asked him whether he suffered much on account of his opinions he remarked: "The English so admire intellectual splendour that for its sake they will forgive the most objectionable doctrines." The seeds of the fever which bad water at Damascus made fatal were laid in an abominable hotel at Jerusalem. Very painful is the record of his final journey (in coming down Mount Hor he had to moderate the pace by pulling out his revolver)—his sad weakness, his energy so great, yet so unable to conquer it, his unconsciousness of danger—just before reaching Damascus he talks about returning to Lebanon and Beyrout, but giving up the

Danube because the river damps are bad for weak eyes, Very sad it is, too, that he was deserted at the last by the travelling companion, Mr. Glennie, whose crude book about "Me and Buckle" Mr. Huth mercilessly but not undeservedly criticises. Buckle's work, in bringing History out of the domain of romance and hazard, will be more acknowledged by-and-by; to his great kindness of disposition—his tenderness to children, his chivalrous courtesy to ladies—"neither handsome, nor clever, nor titled," Mr. Huth bears new but not unexpected testimony.

We know so little of Persia as it is that Mr. T. S. Anderson's "Wanderings in Persia" (James Blackwood) form a welcome addition to the literature of the subject. In 1875 he was sent to Teheran, *via* Bombay and Bushire, by the Telegraph Department, and, according to our usual way of arranging things, had to start without the large supply of lamps which he was to have taken out to the Director-General of Telegraphs in Persia, because they were wanted for the Polar Expedition. His duties took him up and down the length and breadth of the land; and his position enabled him to catch those adroit dissemblers, the Persians, in undress. He found bitter cold and squalid misery at every turn during his winter journeys. A village near Shiraz was pronounced by two much-travelled Americans with whom Mr. Anderson foregathered to exceed in wretchedness anything they had ever seen. Nor was summer much cheerier, except in a few favoured spots. Elsewhere, what with salt deserts, hot sands, and continual alarms of Turcomans, life was rather a burden than otherwise. Eastern Persia, in particular, is a desolate waste, inhabited by as ignorant and brutalised a population as could be found in the whole world; but on Persia as a whole Mr. Anderson's verdict is very severe: "They are the most immoral and degraded beings the world can own. An inferior is held simply as a machine. From the king to the beggar the conversation is the most obscene that can be imagined; the presence of women and young children does not put the least check on this." Our friend the Shah, Lord of Lords and Shadow of God, just before he started for Europe, was with difficulty persuaded not to strangle a whole regiment which had petitioned for its fifteen months' arrears of pay. He did strangle twelve, and had the noses and ears of ten more cut off. There is good sport in parts of Persia; the golden globe on which the different countries are marked by means of precious stones is a thing for jewel-lovers to dream of; Persepolis is so grand that it seems to be the work of a different race; but altogether Persia is a proof that, under unfavourable conditions the Aryan may become something far worse than the Chinese. The Shah is cheated at every turn (as he deserves to be); the royal candle factory trick is worthy the cutest Yankee. Mr. Anderson's map marks our "scientific frontier," and shows how rapidly Russia has advanced, and how little is left of independent Turkestan.



SHEEP DISEASES.—As if the misfortunes of last year had not been sufficient to reduce even well-to-do farmers to a state of difficulty, a new affliction has now come to give what we fear will in not a few cases be the final push over the brink of insolvency. The various diseases prevailing this winter among sheep have diminished many large flocks by one-fourth, while some farmers have lost *one-half* of the fold. No soil seems to be spared, though the inland, perhaps, suffer the most. The cause of the disease is probably to be traced to the absence of certain chemical constituents in the animals' field-food, though whether it be the want of saccharine matter that has deranged the system, or whether other forms of nutriment are also lacking, does not seem to have been clearly ascertained. The "fluke" appears to be a gradual wasting away of the liver and impoverishment of the blood, and is a slow disease during which the sheep consumes much valuable food, although there is no hope of recovery after the disease has passed a comparatively early stage. The other malady now mostly affecting the flocks also attacks the liver, which becomes like the roe of a fish. The disease causes by general derangement of the system the secretion of an acrid fluid which eventually renders the meat quite uneatable. But when killed at an early period of the malady, the liver is the only part of the sheep absolutely unfit for human food.

HORSE RADISH.—February is a suitable time for planting horse-radish. It is wise to plant every two years to the extent of one-half the required bed. The ground to form the bed should be trenched about 3 feet deep, and have plenty of manure worked in to quicken growth, as the quicker the growth is the larger will be the sticks. Stiff soil suits the horseradish better than light land, which must be well fortified. It is curious to notice how generally horseradish is neglected in gardens. Any odd corner seems to be thought good enough for it, and as it is not often grown in any regular part of the kitchen garden, it sometimes gets "mixed up" with weeds, such as monkshood, the dangers of which are recalled to us by periodical inquests in country districts.

FARMERS' INCOME TAX.—The number of farmers who have appealed against their assessments has been much smaller than might have been anticipated. The fact is that not only are farmers a long-suffering class, but they are seldom at home with Government forms, and have a wholesome dread of officialism and set systems of procedure. When the landed gentry of Ireland complain that they often do not apply for improvement laws from Government, owing to the intolerable trouble and circumlocution attending such grants, it is not to be wondered at if the farming class fail to employ all the weapons which are supposed to be ready at their hand in cases of Government mistakes or official over-assessments.

AGRICULTURE IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—The Herefordshire Agricultural Society will meet this year at Hay, and will have their annual show there. The local gentry have subscribed very generously, and already it may be affirmed that fine weather alone will be needed to make the exhibition a success. The site for the show is a fifteen-acre field about two hundred yards outside the turnpike on the Brecon Road.

PROFIT AND LOSSES ON LAST YEAR'S FARMING.—Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, is fain to admit that even he has failed to make a profit during the past twelve months. His sales have brought him in only 1,980*l.*, against 2,480*l.* in 1878, compared with which year he is altogether worse off by 750*l.* This is a terribly heavy percentage on a farm of 173 acres, no less than 128 of which are the farmer's own, and so pay no rent. Lord Thurlow stated a few weeks ago that he *did* make 10 per cent. profit in 1879, but this was chiefly from stock, and luck kept on his lordship's side.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—Saturday last, which was so foggy in London, was a very fine day out of town, and the meets were very well attended, as they usually are on the break-up of a long frost. Our facetious contemporary *Punch* ventured on dangerous ground with a picture of the hopeless hunters, for this illustration bore date the very day when the frost broke up. The end of January and the beginning of February have been exceedingly agreeable only a few miles out of London, although the sufferings of dwellers within the sound of Big Ben have been almost unendurable.

FROZEN MEAT.—The *Paraguay* has arrived at Le Havre with a cargo of ten thousand slaughtered sheep, preserved by

the frigorific process, and similar arrivals are reported from Australia. The arrival of half-a-dozen such cargoes at Southampton or Liverpool might make the Metropolitan Meat Market very "flat," and might even lead to alarmist articles in certain journals; but what no householder believes it would do is to lower the price of butchers' meat a single halfpenny in the pound. Co-operative meat supplies do not progress in towns; while in country districts the butcher is so entirely "without fear," that he utterly despises the additional merit of being "without reproach." Farmers might, however, in many cases simply employ butchers and dairymen, and make farming pay by adding to it part of the profits now absorbed by dealers and by middlemen.

THE EARL OF FIFE'S LEASES.—This young nobleman has recently granted to his tenants a lease in which hypothec is abolished, and the shooting of hares and rabbits in the open season left to the tenant. The excitement this wise but not very remarkable abolishing of hypothec has caused among certain writers in papers appealing to the landed and to farming interests is rather amusing. The right to shoot game is of course inherent in the tenant, who has only to refuse to make a special grant of it to his landlord. In spite of this, many papers have spoken of the Earl's lease as though it inaugurated a new golden age. Even our usually quiet-minded contemporary *Land Agents' Record* is "visibly moved," and remarks, "We feel certain that if leases like this of the Earl of Fife were the rule, with a stroke of the pen, so to speak, England would be turned into a garden!" "So to speak" needs no other comment than that expressed by the "note of astonishment or admiration" which we have ventured to affix to this eloquent outburst.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION MEETINGS will recommence on Tuesday next, 10th February. They will be held at Westminster.

THE BRITISH LAND COMPANY.—This Association made in 1879 a sum allowing of a dividend of 8 per cent.

AN OFFICIAL ERROR.—The present is surely a time for aiding rather than oppressing the landowner bent on assisting his tenants. All those who admit such to be the case must, we think, regret the obstinacy of the Somerset House officials, as disclosed in the following letters:—*Question* (from a landlord).—"If allowances are made at the rate of, say, 20 per cent., to be expended in draining, lime, bones, oil, or other cakes, will a corresponding deduction in the tax be made?" *Answer* (from Somerset House).—"Nothing but actual reduction in money payment can be recognised."

GEES.—Some experiments recently made by Charles Darwin as to the fertility of hybrid geese have proved satisfactory, and may lead to the development of a new and valuable variety of goose, possessing the characteristics both of the common and of the Chinese goose.

SWALLOWS.—On December 17th, while at Exeter, Mr. W. H. Newbery records the sight of two swallows. He adds: "Their flight was not so rapid as during warm weather; and every now and then they would perch on some tree, as though wearied with their exertions in making way against the strong east wind that was blowing at the time." It is a remarkable fact that the famous White of Selborne was to the last a believer in the idea that some swallows do not leave the land at all in winter.

THE WREN.—A man in the employ of Alderman Wilcox, of Daventry, found on Christmas Day last a wren's nest, containing two eggs. We do not know whether this occurrence is very unusual, but it certainly is an antedating of the 14th February by no less than seven weeks.

PIECE-WORK.—A correspondent writes thus:—"I see you think it strange that the Abingdon Guardians thought piece-work had a bad effect on the agricultural labourer. The drawback to piece-work is in my opinion this. The labourer cannot calculate, and will only take piece-work at very high rates. If he finds he can make money, so good; but if he can only make bare wage, he throws it up and leaves the farmer in the lurch. It is this uncertainty that makes the farmer dislike piece-work."

LAST YEAR AND THIS

LAST year, a bunch of violets,
I gave to one as sweet,
Which had burst their petals early
St. Valentine to greet.
But ere the day had ended
We marked the blossoms die,
"Though its tokens fade, we know," she said,
"Love lasts eternally."

To-day, no fragrant violets
Have pierced the frozen snow,
I bear a wreath of immortelles,
To where she lieth low.
"My love with last year's violets
Is dead!" I mourning cry;
From a gleaming star, a voice fell far,
"Love lasts eternally."

L. A. JOHNSTONE



Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory, 1880.
Lebanon Leaves (Second Edition): E. Palmer; Tendrils in Verse (Third Edition, with Additions): Ebenezer Palmer. C. S. Palmer.
Who are the Irish? James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. D. Bogue.
Memories of Albert the Good: Alexander Buckler. Williams and Son.
The Story of Barbara (3 vols.): Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." J. and R. Maxwell.
Christy Carew (3 vols.): Author of "Hon. Miss Ferrard." Bentley.
Mrs. Denny's of Cote (3 vols.): Holme Lee. Smith, Elder, and Co.
Tender and True: William Arthur Law. Remington.
Marital for English Readers: W. T. Webb; The Year's Art: Marcus B. Huish; The Life of John Milton, Vol. VI.: David Masson. Macmillan.
The Imitation of Christ (Facsimile of Autograph Manuscript of Thomas a Kempis). Elliot Stock.
Her Dignity and Grace (a Tale, 3 vols.): H. C. Chapman and Hall.
Hurst Carew: H. E. S.; The Children's Picture Gift-Book of Music and Song. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.
The Shareholder's and Director's Companion: F. B. Palmer. Stevens and Son.
In Kent with Charles Dickens: T. Frost. Tinsley Bros.
Poems and Dramatic Sketches: J. Kindon. Norman and Co.
Relationship of Anatomy to the Fine Arts: S. Messenger Bradley.
T. Heywood.
The Present Parliament (Analysis of Votes): H. T. Eve. Wyman and Sons.
Jeff Briggs's Love Stories, and other Sketches: Bret Harle. Chatto and Windus.
The Educational Year-Book. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
Civil War in Home and Land: Author of "A Bride in Rhineland." Civil Service Printing and Publishing Company.
Practical Penmanship: W. D. Prior. G. Routledge.
Legends and Myths of the Aboriginal Indians of British Guiana: W. H. Brett; Studies in Church: Right Rev. H. C. Law; Holy Scripture Temperance and Total Abstinence: W. B. Hopkins; Bright Thoughts for the Morning; Robins and Linnets: Authors of "Honor Bright;" We are Seven: C. Birley. W. Wells Gardner.



SPORT IN INDIA—FOX-HUNTING AT MUSTUNG, BOLAN PASS



I.

THIS is an exceptionally strong number of the *Nineteenth Century*, spoiled only by the want of taste which marks the second article. We should have thought, in a serial which commences with a powerful article on the situation in Afghanistan by the veteran Anglo-Indian statesman, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and closes with one on Free Trade by Mr. Gladstone, besides having other *pièces de résistance* by Theodore Martin, Watts the Royal Academician, Monsignor Capel, and others, that there would have been no necessity either to have stirred up the muddy water of the Zulu War, or to have engaged Mr. Forbes as a critic on strategy. Graphic writer as the ex-private of the Royal Dragoons is, few civilians we trust, and no soldier we are sure, would look to him as an exponent of the art of war. Lord Chelmsford has never been considered a second Marlborough, nor can Mr. Forbes aspire to the rôle of a Jomini. The past career however of the general, the medals he wears on his breast, and the extracts of despatches which mark his war services, stamp him as a man to be thoroughly trusted and respected. He was driven into the war with inadequate forces, and within a couple of months of securing reinforcements he had shattered the Zulu power for ever, leaving to his successor the easy task of pacifying a conquered people. The result of the war is the best answer to Mr. Forbes' diatribe.

The *Contemporary* is unusually heavy, even for that ponderous magazine. The Rev. Malcolm MacColl, abandoning the oppressed Bulgarian, gives us "Some Forgotten Aspects of the Irish Question," which are not wholly uninteresting—Mr. Jevons' article on the Drak Traffic and experimental legislation is an able defence of a peculiar theory.—Perhaps the most entertaining chapter in this number is Colonel Osborne's fierce attack on Lord Lytton's Famine policy. It is quite possible that a perfect rejoinder may be made to the fiery denunciations heaped on the head of the poet-Viceroy. There is a wide margin between Mr. Elliott's statement that Lord Lytton was conspicuously successful in his treatment of the difficult problem connected with famine, and Colonel Osborne's accusation that he was directly responsible for the loss of 1,250,000 souls who perished of famine. We incline to think that a happy mean ought be struck; but neither Mr. Elliott nor Colonel Osborne appear cool-headed enough to write impartially on the subject.

The *Fortnightly* commences with an impartial and most able article entitled "Turkish Facts and British Fallacies." This evidently is not the work of the mere bookmaker, but is the thoughtful production of a man whose whole life has been passed in a practical study of the Eastern Question amongst the Turks themselves. This alone would make the current number of the magazine most interesting, but it is supplemented by a very readable memoir of Sir William Boxall, R.A., by Lord Coleridge.—A laudable attempt is made by Mr. Buxton to point out the unnecessary expense attendant on elections; and the editor winds up a very useful volume by an exhaustive summary of Home and Foreign Affairs.

Mr. George Augustus Sala is always entertaining, and the *North American Review* has done well in publishing just at the present juncture one of his amusing articles. The definition of Mr. Gladstone, "who may be politically qualified as neither straight nor curved. He is a mixed line," is one of Mr. Sala's happiest hits.—Admiral Ammen's paper on M. de Lesseps and his Canal will probably have the effect of shaking public confidence in the feasibility of the undertaking. However, remembering the opposition encountered by that marvellous engineer with regard to the Suez Canal, it would perhaps be premature to denounce the scheme just yet.

In the *Cornhill* "Mademoiselle de Marsac" is continued, and with unflagging interest; the adventure of the young French lady in the back slums of London is amusingly told.—Dr. Hunter gives the second of his admirable papers on "What the English have done for the Indian people." He cries out for a Representative Council in India, and we hope in all justice that the cry may not be in vain. "The Siege of Ghuznee, an Episode of the First Afghan War," is a plain matter-of-fact account of one of the least known but one of the most gallant feats of arms performed by our armies in 1842. It is published most opportunely, and is worthy of more permanent record.—Black's "White Wings" is still carried on, but grows somewhat monotonous. This number is above the average.

PANCAKE DAY AT WESTMINSTER

In some places, country parishes especially, the custom is still retained of tolling the curfew bell at eight o'clock, but we question whether a single church tower can be found in which the Pancake Bell is rung. In the times that people speak of by a "poetical licence" as the "good old days" the clang of this bell was eagerly listened for by a whole army of cooks. It rang at noon, and was the signal for a "confused dismal hissing" to commence, by which expression an old writer describes the frying of a pancake.

In some parts of Hertfordshire the bell rang out at four o'clock in the morning, allowing any one who felt so disposed to begin preparing pancakes for an early breakfast. The custom of that part of the country, however, did not permit an unlimited consumption of the Shrovetide delicacy, for when the curfew rang at eight any further indulgence was sternly prohibited.

But the pious men who originated the ringing of the bell had no intention whatever of ushering in Shrove-Tuesday as "sole monarch of the month, first favourite to the frying-pans!"

Instead of setting to work to fry pancakes and pander to the lusts of the flesh, they should have set off to their churches to confess their shortcomings and misdoings. The bell was rung to summon the faithful to confession, but, unhappily, the attractions of pancake making, and the unholy example of those who made and enjoyed them, caused the signal to be sadly misinterpreted, as one knows it was, by our easy-going forefathers. After the Reformation the word "Shrove-Tuesday" was a complete misnomer, for none went to confession at the sound of the bell, which custom continued along with pancake eating.

How long the English will continue to make a point of having this particular dish served on Shrove-Tuesday would be a very difficult question to answer. Pancakes are still as great an institution in their way as Christmas plum-pudding and mince-pies. But there are probably very few houses, if indeed any, where the members of the household flock to the kitchen to take part in the pancake making, mixing them, as the old poet Taylor asserted was the custom, "with egges, spice, and other tragically magicall enchantments."

There is, however, one pancake made every year which might with a certain amount of truth be said to be made with "magicall enchantment." The maker of this mysterious pancake, which is never intended to be eaten, is the cook of St. Peter's College, Westminster.

In readiness for every Shrove Tuesday, to keep up a custom that has existed for years, is this strangely compounded pancake prepared. Taste and tenderness are not the cook's object; the chief point about the pancake should be its toughness, so white lead and other strange ingredients are used to attain the requisite quality.

At twelve o'clock on the morning of Shrove Tuesday the doors of the great school room are thrown open, and the verger of the Abbey enters in his robes, followed by the cook. This important personage appears in kitchen attire, and in his hand he carries a little tin pan, with a short handle to it. On this lies the pancake. He walks up to the middle of the school room, or rather what was the middle before the "Shell" was removed, and there pauses. Over his head is the bar. In former days a curtain hung from this bar, dividing the Upper School from the Lower. Its use has long since been discontinued.

On the other side of the bar, confronting the cook, stands the little group of boys who have decided to go in for the "Pancake greese."

For a moment the cook looks into the faces of the expectant competitors, then he glances up at the bar. He takes a step back, gives a glance at the pancake to see that it is well in the middle of his pan, and then lowers his arm for the cast. It is an anxious moment. Every eye is fixed on the cook, and he knows it. If he succeeds in tossing the pancake over the bar, the "greese" takes place. But should the pancake fail to pass over before it falls, it comes with a dull thud to the floor, and there it lies; no one touches it, all the ceremony and trouble has been in vain; there is no "greese," no sovereign to be won; the pancake cannot be thrown again—"Better luck next year."

We will suppose, however, that the cook's preliminary practice has not been unavailing, that he does not get nervous when the important moment arrives. As the pancake mounts upwards every eye is fixed on it. It goes over the bar. There is an excited cry, "He's done it—it's over." It descends into the midst of the boys awaiting it, and is at once lost to view. Then for some minutes there is a wriggling pile of humanity on the floor in which nothing is clearly distinguishable but boots and the legs that wave them. Where is the pancake? It has probably changed hands once or twice. It may have been torn from the grasp of the first boy who seized it. Perhaps some boy has clasped it to his breast, and is lying flat on the floor, with his face in the dust, while the others roll and struggle over him. He sticks to it with all his might and main, and longs for the moment when the Head Master steps forward and puts an end to the struggle. Then the victor stands up with his prize, and his appearance generally shows that it has been hardly earned. He is covered with dust, his hair all in disorder, his face grimed, and not unusually his clothes torn. But as soon as the Latin prayers are over he marches off with his "fidus Achates" to the Deanery, where he receives a guinea in person.

Should the pancake unhappily be torn to pieces in the struggle, no one can claim the guinea. The victor must secure it and keep it intact.

At one time, there is a tradition, the claim was not allowed if the pancake touched the ground before it was secured, but this is not the case now. We remember one year when the pancake fell on the ground, and somehow got kicked under the forms where the Under-Schoolboys sat. One of the little fellows promptly secured it, and pushed it under his waistcoat, where he managed to hold it triumphantly, and so win the gold.

In former days, if the cook failed to throw the pancake over the bar he was severely "booked." Every boy took care to provide himself with an old "fair-showing book" or a ponderous lexicon, in case such should be required. Then if the cook failed he had to run, for in a moment every arm was raised, and the air was thick, literally, with "winged words" aimed at his head.

This custom is supposed to have been abolished some years ago, but many of the young Old Westminsters will remember an occasion when the good old custom was no longer "honoured in the breach" but "in the observance." The cook, who had failed several years, failed once too often, even for a school boy's indulgence. His last failure brought a storm about his head, and a ponderous "Liddell and Scott" on his back just as he escaped from the school-room. The youth who hurled it posted himself near the door, and, standing up on a form, calmly awaited the flying cook, with the bulky volume raised over his head in both hands.

The pancake-throwing at Westminster is one of the few quaint old customs that has not been improved away by this matter-of-fact utilitarian age, and as Westminster is very Conservative, there is every chance of the pancake continuing to go to the "bar" on Shrove-Tuesday.

TEMPLE FREYNE



"A PINK WEDDING," by R. Mountney Jephson (Bentley and Son).—This book is evidently written with the intention of letting the world know what Mr. Jephson himself knows of Japan. A sentimental novel, with the *venue* laid in the Land of the Rising Sun, and with the majority of the characters weak and varied, is scarcely calculated to inspire interest, or to afford amusement. The British subaltern, we well know, since the Cardwell regime, may generally be looked upon as a highly educated young gentleman, but we doubt if any of them have yet aspired to the language indulged in by Mr. Mauleverer, who talks of the friends "whom he grappled to his soul with hooks of steel;" and surely in taking off his forage cap when bowing to a lady, the young officer was scarcely reflecting credit either on his knowledge of service conventionalism or of his Adjutant's training. The title of the work is taken from a scene in the third volume, where the bumptious young son of a wealthy manufacturer, emulating the example of a well-known couple in the Belvoir country, insisted on being married in "pink;" as the fair bride is herself the daughter of a noble Duke, also an M.F.H., the situation was somewhat robbed of its absurdity, but even this fact does not make the book one whit more readable.

"Friend and Lover," by Iza Duffus Hardy (Hurst and Blackett).—Although, perhaps, scarcely coming under the category of sensation novels, "Friend and Lover" possesses sufficient incident to make it a thoroughly enjoyable work. The opening chapters are decidedly weak, but as the author warms to her work, her characters grow more and more loveable under her skilful hands, and long before the close of the first volume she has succeeded in weaving around them a story at once healthy and refreshing. The main characters are thoroughly consistent throughout. The loyal Roberta, who, for the sake of the old love buried deep in the innermost recesses of her own heart, gives up her whole life to the education of the daughter of the man who to the end is ignorant of the wealth lying waiting for him; the tender Grace, who from the days of sympathetic childhood lives but for the unfortunate Richard Rossmore; and finally her guardian, womanlike consents to share the life of one for whom she has nothing but sympathy, are in themselves good types of womanhood; the hero himself, though perhaps wanting in self-control (he murders two men in the three volumes), is drawn with equal fidelity; and even as he wins the love and respect of all at Abbeyval, so he commands our sympathy, for, after all, to err is human. "Friend and Lover" is decidedly worth reading, and is far superior to the average novels of the present day.

"In the Sweet Spring Time," by Katherine Macquoid (Hurst and Blackett).—Although there is little originality in these volumes, there is nothing in them which the most fastidious mother could find fault with. It is a book unusually fit for young people, and it

is possible they may find in it something to interest and much to amuse. We may candidly own that we have been much amused at the manners and customs of the people who live and move and have their being "In the Sweet Spring Time." The proud Indian widow, an ex-beauty, quietly accompanies her son to pay an afternoon call on some of his friends. The very fact that the head of the house had once been an ardent admirer would, we imagine, have induced Lady Penruddock to conform to the conventionalities of society, and to have awaited Mrs. Venables' call, instead of committing the solecism of continually calling at that lady's house, when she apparently obstinately kept out of the way. The book possesses the usual quantum of love-making, the young ladies, though fascinating, appear to lack consistency, and the young men, though clever, do not possess the power of attraction. As far as novels go "In the Sweet Spring Time" is good, but there is still great room for improvement.

"A Wayward Woman," by Major Arthur Griffiths (Smith, Elder and Co.).—This is a powerfully-written novel, full of interest from beginning to end. Major Griffiths writes as a man of the world, and his characters appeal to the senses. Winifred, the "wayward woman," is a charming heroine, full of tender grace, of womanly strength, when once the coquettish element has been eliminated by a *grande passion*. The purse-proud millionaire, too, is a character often met with by men of the author's profession when quartered in the Black Country, the man whose coat is flecked with his own cotton, and who trades in the brains of Art disciples. The irritable old Colonel, unutterably selfish, is also drawn to the life, whilst Guy Groatorex, with all his love and reverence for the weaker sex crushed out of him by one foul act perpetrated by the woman he had loved so well, is a friend whom others than Dominic would be glad to possess. Major Griffiths always writes well, but here he has eclipsed himself, and produced one of the most entertaining novels we have met with for many a long day. He possesses the happy knack of truthfully depicting ladies and gentlemen, whilst his touches of Italian scenery betray an artistic and cultured taste. We envy those who have before them the pleasant duty of reading "A Wayward Woman."

THE LAST DAY WITH THE RABBITS

AN unwelcome month is February to the lovers of the gun, for now in the eye of the law partridges and pheasants are sacred birds. The former must be left to pursue their courtship previous to matrimonial pairing on St. Valentine's day like other respectable birds, and the latter to make their own Mormonistic arrangements. It is only the rabbits which can now be fallen back upon to afford a day's sport before the breechloader is carefully cleaned, lubricated, and put away for another season. And even the last days with these must soon come off, according to the unwritten law of sport. The "bunny" rabbit has fallen somewhat from his former high estate, and rabbiting hardly holds the place it did generations ago. In the time of James I. before you could wage war against *Cuniculus*, so called from his burrowing ways, you had to show that you were a man of no mean wealth; in "Good King Charlie's merry days, When loyalty no harm meant," very severe were the laws for protecting rabbits; and even as late as the reign of George I., rabbit poaching was a felony to be dealt with "without benefit of clergy." Nobody can tell now what the law is as regards rabbits, but practically they are little better than "vermin," though they get some protection under the Trespass Acts. But whatever damage they do, and though the conies be but feeble folk, we could ill spare them, especially at the end of the legitimate shooting season. There is good fun to be had with them in various ways, whether by working hedgerows, small copses, and spinneys with dogs and beaters, or by ferreting, or by regularly hunting the big woods and gorse commons with a pack of beagles who know their business. About six or eight guns, the same number of beaters, and a cry of six or seven couple of hounds, is about the complement. In one sense any dogs will do—"mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, And cur of low degree, but there is nothing like a pack of beagles. If you don't get a shot the whole day, it is well worth going a-rabbiting to hear the clear silver music from the throats of these pretty little hounds. "Bow-wow" (of course), "ow-ow;" and "aw-aw;" and "ew-ew-w," in all sorts of keys, in all kinds of voices, and in all directions, as the rabbits dart here and there quick as lightning for a well-known hole, but too often to find it stopped, while some go quietly "lopping" along as if nothing were the matter, and others, called in the vernacular "listeners," prick their ears, and stop, and with their soft pleading eyes almost seem to challenge the gun to take the mean advantage of a pot shot. It is to be feared, however, that many a gun does, as a dog is to be made, and we all like to kill something, and a rabbit running at full speed, or darting from one refuge to another, is by no means an easy shot. Many a man can knock his grouse and partridges over in the open without missing many fair shots, and account for "rocketers" and swiftly crossing pheasants at a warm corner with tolerable accuracy, but he finds it no very difficult thing to miss a quick rabbit, and especially one which only shows itself for a couple of yards or so. A good rabbit shot is a man to be envied.

There is no better time than this for thinning down the surplus rabbit population; for now they are apt to play havoc with the young wheat, and cause angry thoughts to rise in the hearts of tenant farmers. This is the time, too, especially on farms where all fur and feather is reserved, to conciliate the aforesaid tenants by giving them opportunities with their sons and friends to explode their guns and their wrath against the furry offenders; and thus the supplement to the shooting season will be brought to its close with plenty of firing and good feeling.

J. J. M.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 45 of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal* commences the 6th volume of this admirable publication, which shows no sign of decreasing vigour. A brief but masterly "Prelude and Fugue" by J. E. P. Aldous, comes to us from Hamilton, Canada, it is more adapted for secular than sacred purposes; as is also an exquisite "Soft Movement" by C. S. Heap, Mus. Doc., and a "Flute Fantasia" by Inglis Bervon, a very brilliant and showy composition.—A "Réverie Religieuse," by Dr. J. Dunne, T.C.D., is well suited for a short voluntary before the church service.—The contents of this New Year Number are remarkable for their freedom from difficulty, and on that account are especially worthy of the attention of organ students as well as advanced performers.—A pianoforte piece of more than ordinary merit is "A Regret," composed by S. T. Spalding, both in the school-room and drawing-room, this piece will be a deserved favourite.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—One of the prettiest songs that we have come across of late is "Treasured Letters," written and composed by R. Henry and Alice Hart; both music and words are full of pathos.—A pleasing tenor song is "Gladys," words by Madame L. Diani Ferri, the music by Nicola Ferri.—The sentimental words of "He Will Not Come," by Violet Fane, and the music by Lady W. Lennox, are not up to the mark of these clever

ladies' general work,—nevertheless, the song will not lack admirers. —The artistic view of Arundel Castle, which forms the frontispiece of "The Arundel and Surrey Valse," is better far than the indifferent music, by Lena de Bruno, who has evidently no gift of originality as a composer of dance music.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—The children of the period are not only good amateur actors, but also singers. To these budding geniuses we can recommend "Jack and the Beanstalk," a comic cantata for outside the nursery, set to music for four solo voices and chorus (S. A. T. B.), by Edmund Rogers. If the young people can secure the services of a bass giant, they can manage the rest of the music themselves, as it is tuneful and not difficult, and would serve to pass away a winter's evening pleasantly.—The quaint poem, written by Oliver Goldsmith, and sung by Master Primrose, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" has been set by Ch. Heavside to appropriate music after the antique.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Again we come upon a frontispiece superior to the musical contents, Kimbault's "Little Lays," arranged with easy accompaniments and fingered by Alfred Mullen, are well meant, but dull, and lack the tunefulness and pithy rhymes which please children's ears (Messrs. Howard and Co.).—Five songs for which but a brief career can be anticipated before they are shelved are "Dear Kelvin Glade," written and composed by John Bogue (J. S. Kear, Glasgow); "Over the Wide Gray River," the pleasing poetry by Rose Terry, music by Alfred Armstrong (Messrs. Boosey, Patey, and Co.); "Scenes of My Childhood," words by Robert Bell, music by E. M. Clancy, here again the former is better than the latter, as is so often the case (Messrs. Olton and Co.); "In Happier Days," a commonplace ballad by Susan K. Philips and Owen Hope (Messrs. Enoch and Sons); and last but not least "Tis Years Since I Beheld Your Face," the words by Ralph Percy, Esq., the music is below the standard of excellence which we look for in the composer, Lillie Albrecht, and who shows more talent for instrumental than vocal compositions (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—Three indifferent specimens of dance music are: "The Aurelia Waltz," by G. T. A'Vard (Messrs. Reid Brothers); "The Laughing Polka," by G. J. Rubini, who can do much better (Messrs. Olton and Co.); and the "Chit-Chat Polka," by Conrad Hermann (J. Brown).

VEGETARIAN DINNERS

MR. ERNEST HART has practically proved that we spend a deal too much on dining. He lately gave a dinner of eight courses at a penny per head per course. But we doubt whether a penny ice, a penny mince-pie, and a pennyworth of curried eggs or scalloped lobster would be healthy fare day after day. His dinner reminds us somewhat of the old Paris restaurants of our boyhood, where close by the Palais Royal, in some narrow street now Haussmannised, you could dine (?) for 6½d., getting about a vinegar cruet-full of wine and for "sweets" a couple of tiny stewed apricots and for dessert three raisins and an almond. It was pretty and neatly served; but after it was gone you felt irresistibly moved to call, like Oliver Twist, for more.

The vegetarian dinner at the Alpha Food Reform Restaurant, 429, Oxford Street, certainly does not fail in quantity. We defy any one, even in this hungry weather, to get through more than a dish of "green peas, potatoes, and sauce" (a little like green pea pudding, but more toothsome, owing to a dash of vinegar and oil) followed by one of "savory pie." This latter mess (we use the word in the honourable old English sense) is a splendid thing for cold weather; it is sent up steaming hot, and tastes like Cornish fish-pasty, though we could identify none of its constituents, except haricot beans. Fish it could not have contained; though Professor Newman now allows weaker brethren (under the name of Associates) to compromise matters by including fish in their dietary. Equally satisfying, and as good an imitation of flesh meat as the savory pie was of fish, appeared to us the "Carne pot and sauce." The soup costs 4d., the pies 5d. or 6d., and if stewed prunes (excellent—they are as hard to stew properly as potatoes are to boil) are added for a finish, the dinner will cost a little more than Mr. Hart's, but we fancy in point of nutriment it will be about ten times as valuable. The hard thing is to get vegetarian cookery at home. Cooks are the most Conservative of mortals, except perhaps those wives who take a part in housekeeping. Then, undoubtedly, there are difficulties. The wholemeal bread, by which vegetarians justly set such store, and which, well made, is so delicious, is very puzzling even to cooks accustomed to bake at home. The vegetarian magazines are full of recipes for ensuring its being light, or rather not too leaden. Again, in vegetarian cookery the *osmazome* of the meat (that flavour which pleased the old gods so well that they seldom demanded anything more solid) must be supplied by giving expression to the different dishes. One gets this at Oxford Street, but home attempts usually result in a series of variously coloured parritchies, all tasting pretty much alike.

However, to those who have to trust for dinner to a second-rate dining-room, we recommend a visit to the Alpha. What they get will be far wholesomer, far more nutritious, than the flabby, sodden roast mutton, swimming in fat, or the hard sinewy lump of beef, even though it be cooked "without extra charge on a silver grill." There is a tolerable amount of variety in the soups haricots and puddings of several kinds, and those who wish to dally with asceticism, and yet not lose flesh and nerve-force, may try once a week a dinner on "Anglo-Scotch parritch and milk," which is the very cheapest and best threepennyworth we ever tasted.

Of course strong drinks are interdicted; though it is noteworthy that monks, when they cut off flesh-meat, find a little thin wine all the more necessary. Perhaps the vinegar and spices do the same work for the vegetarian. Anyhow, for three halfpence he can have a glass of excellent milk; the only costly item on the list (for a good salad at 4d. cannot be called dear) being "fruit and bread," for which (even if it is only an apple) he will have to pay 7d. This struck us as extraordinary last autumn, when sweet sound Jersey grapes were selling in the streets for 4d. and 6d. a pound.

But the Alpha is in its infancy; by and bye there will be, we hope, in other parts of London a Beta and a Gamma, and ever so many more letters, at which, perhaps, will be developed more enterprising, accompanied with a larger number of waiters. At the Alpha prize, accompanied with a larger number of waiters. At the Alpha we only found one, who must have envied Briareus his complement of arms. However, perhaps it is part of the system to help digestion and correct our insular tendency to hurry through our food by giving ample time between the courses.

There was time, too, to watch one's fellow-feeders, numbering some thirty, in the front room (there were fifty more, we were told, in the long room behind). They were of various types—from the ordinary shopman and artisan to the lean, anxious-looking philosopher with portentously high forehead, and the chubby-faced spectacled young student, with a very red nose, whose dinner consisted of parritch, followed by salad (eaten on principle, because the celery contains so much brain-making stuff).

But more interesting than the guests were the wall-placards. It is hard to be told at our time of life that "beef and bacon are delusions." But here you have the figures before you (and they are, of course, stubborn things). "O the roast beef of old England" is the heading of a table which shows that the amount of nutriment which, if supplied in the form of beef, costs 6s. 10s. 10d., and which in fish would cost 2s. 3s. 3d., may be had in the shape of bread for 18s., of wheat flour for 16s., of oatmeal for 14s., and of split peas for 13s. If only a man could live always on pea-pudding, he might far outdo Professor Nichols' trick of "Living on Sixpence

a Day." Of course there are *contras* to be taken into account; for instance, an old Cambridge scientist, when a worrying would-be scientific lady blandly asked: "Dear doctor, what is the cause of the wind?" replied in a hoarse whisper, "Pea-soup, madam;" and probably pea-pudding is open to the same charge. Still it is certain we do eat a deal too much flesh meat; and, if the vegetarians can persuade us to lessen the quantity, they will be public benefactors. One of them, Mr. Couchman, who last year dined nearly two hundred children in Newcastle at a total cost of 16s. 2½d., publishes a tract, in which he shows "How to marry and live well on a shilling a day." He winds up by saying, "The true girl is to be sought for;" she is to be had (he confidently affirms); but if she is guaranteed both to be content with the weekly dietary that he lays down and also to set herself steadfastly against "furs, jewellery, nonsensical headgear, wasteful furbelows, and airs and mincing ways," we submit that she is a *rarissima avis*. The man, on his part, must "throw away that cigar, shun strong drinks, and scorn a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy."

This, however, is strong meat for philosophers, who being flesh abstainers, claim to have their harmless hobbies by way of compensation. But thousands who would never think of taking Mr. Couchman's advice, who would wisely shrink from adding yet more to the vast sum of human poverty, may yet get great benefit both to health and pocket by dining pretty frequently at the Alpha. One dinner will convince them that flesh-meat is no more essential to keeping up animal heat than is strong drink. Savoury-pie is as warming as ox-tail soup; and there is much more "stay" in it. In the same way a parritch breakfast is every way better than one of tea or coffee, perhaps with toast, which means bread out of which a certain amount of the nutritive elements has been subtracted; and those who tire of oatmeal may try hominy or a mixture of lentils and corn-flour. No one who thus begins the day need have any fear of being (as St. Jerome said of Pelagius) *pullibus prægratuus Scoticis*. We cannot hold with Professor Newman that "flesh-eating is the food of barbarism," but we are sure that almost every one eats too much animal food, and that it is a fallacy to urge that a vegetable feeder must have a stomach of cast-iron. All that is needed to digestion is to make food palatable. Hashed mutton and other family dinners are often the very reverse of this, and the consequences are seen in a craving for stimulants which is never felt by the vegetarian. One result we hope will follow from the vegetarian movement—an increased consumption of fruit, leading to such an utilisation of roadsides and railway-cuttings as is the rule in so many parts of the Continent.

One word of advice; philosophers must condescend to human weakness, perhaps, allowing table-cloths, though we prefer the bare, marble-topped tables of the Alpha to the more than suspicious table-cloths of many dining-rooms. This is an advertising age, and we are sure the Alpha is not sufficiently known; when we inquired we were told "the advertisement had just run out." Nor is the public awake to the fact that there is also a partially vegetarian restaurant at the Ludgate Circus. Moreover, it is not every one who cares to dine among thirty hungry parritch-eaters. Why not set up a second dinner at a later hour and charge rather more per plate? The truth-seeker might then come and feed at his ease, and report accordingly.

H. S. F.

THE HISTORY OF A STEEL RAIL

IT is only fifty-four years since the great George Stephenson proved, on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the power of the steam-engine as a means of conveyance for passengers, and it is not yet fifty years since, in the famous trial of the locomotive steam-engine on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, Mr. Huskisson lost his life in a lamentable manner. That "fifty years of Europe" has, however, produced more remarkable results "than a cycle of century." The first engine, "Locomotive No. 1," constructed by Mr. George Stephenson, stands at this moment outside the quaint-looking North Road Station at Darlington, tottering and attenuated, with all its poor little mechanical contrivances exposed to view on the top of its boiler. Four years ago, on the occasion of the Railway Jubilee at Darlington, it was removed to the spacious engine-house of the North-Eastern Railway Company there, and surrounded by the most magnificent of all the engines now running on the lines of the various railway companies in the kingdom, it appeared the venerable grand-parent of a mighty race. The speed attained on the 27th of September, 1825, when the first public journey was made between Darlington and Stockton, was between ten and twelve miles an hour on the level. That was the utmost that the "superior locomotive engine of the most improved construction," of which the exultant Quaker projector bragged with pardonable pride, was capable. Now we rush through the air at the rate of seventy miles an hour without the least alarm, and often with a feeling of impatience at not arriving at our destination earlier.

It is not of railways, however, but of rails that I now desire to speak. I have written many a column of "copy" in railway trains, and have learned to discriminate nicely between the common iron rail, the steel faced rail, and the entire steel rail. On the former the train travels with angular twists of the most unexpected nature, on the second more steadily, but with a comparative uncertainty of oscillation, provoking to the writer for whom that other mighty engine the press will not wait, and on the latter the nearest approach possible to perfection of motion is attained. But for the fact that a certain amount of fatigue is necessarily involved in standing with note-book and copy-paper crushed up all together for, say, two hours at a time, there is a sense of luxury in writing while travelling over firm steel rails.

Very recently the secret of producing steel out of the impure iron ores of this country has been revealed. Until two very young men, Mr. S. G. Thomas and Mr. P. Gilchrist, lifted up the veil which hid the vision for which the scientific world was pining, even from the eyes of the wisest greybeards, only the rich hæmatite ores containing between 60 and 70 per cent. of iron were fitted for the steel-producing process. By the process patented by these two gentlemen, the meanest ores can be made to produce glittering steel. At this moment one of the largest iron-making concerns in the whole world, Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., Limited, is making near Middlesbrough steel rails from Cleveland ore which contains only about 31 per cent. of iron. If I give the history of a steel rail made from that ore I shall at least be dealing with the most difficult phase of its manufacture.

The ironstone in Cleveland lies, in most places, near the surface. At some mines there is no shaft, the miners walking in from the hill side. Other mines, especially those on the cliffs, have short shafts. The workings are not generally low, as in coal mines. A man can walk erect in most workings, while in some it is necessary to erect scaffolding. The stone is bored by drills worked by water pressure, and chiefly blasted with powder, though dynamite is in some cases used.

When raised, the iron ore, which is a grey green colour, is filled into railway trucks and conveyed direct to the blast furnaces. It is before being placed in the blast furnace calcined in large calcining kilns, limestone being employed in the process.

It is then elevated to the top of the blast furnace, and dropped into that fervent ceaseless heat which melts the elements immediately. The heat contained within the iron walls of a blast furnace is incalculable. In starting a furnace hundreds of pounds worth of coke is first required, with the mighty blast from powerful engines continually applied. Seething and boiling among the living fire, which is constantly replenished in the proportion of about 1½ tons of coke

to one of ironstone, the metal remains until the slag, that is, the refuse, is properly formed. The furnace is then tapped, and the liquid metal is run through sand channels constructed for it until it falls through an aperture into a caldron underneath placed ready to receive it. When running it looks like nothing so much as sherry played upon by the merry sunlight.

The caldron, after receiving seven or eight tons weight of liquid iron, is removed, and drawn by a small locomotive to the Bessemer converters. It is there elevated, and emptied into one of them. Air is then blown into this converter, and soon the iron begins to feed upon itself. While witnessing this "converting" process one learns to respect the power of wind. When the "blow" has proceeded about a quarter of an hour a small proportion of Spiegeleisen—the German name for mirror or specular iron—is put into the converter. This, containing a large proportion of carbon, is necessary so to speak to fuse together the globules of decarbonised metal. The "blow" continues for a few minutes, and then ceases.

The converter is then swung round, and its contents emptied into ingot moulds, something like feet warmers in appearance. When sufficiently solidified the steel ingots are removed from their moulds and carried to a Siemens-Martin furnace, where they are reheated. After that they are taken out, and one by one are passed through the "rolls." The first set of rolls makes the ingot about four times its original length, and proportionately thinner. And so it goes on until it is delivered a perfect rail of one hundred feet long if you like. This is got up into sections, and the work is complete except a few polishing up processes.

Thus within a few hours a worthless-looking stone, at which the village wisdom used to sneer as unfit even for road-making, is converted into the hardest of metals, over whose polished surface Ministers of State bent on errands affecting the destiny of the world glide unconsciously in Pullman Cars, wrapped in blissful slumber, which is not always one of the concomitants of railway travelling. It is only fifty years since rails were tested "by a weight of fourteen tons, placed on a four-wheeled carriage coupled at a distance of four feet and moving at the rate of 2½ miles per hour." Now they are tested by the pressure of 30 tons driven upon them from a height of several feet. What the "Coming Race" will do I dare not even surmise. For over sixty centuries man had taken no heed of the command given to him to "subdue the earth." Now he has started on the task at such a terrific rate that soon he will be compelled to sigh for another world to conquer.

T. H. NORTH

FOX-HUNTING AT MUSTUNG

MUSTUNG is a large town situated in the Khan of Khelat's dominions, some thirty miles to the north-west of the Bolan Pass. Round it are extensive tracts of sandy ground covered with stunted shrub and bushes, in which foxes are plentiful.

A day for a hunt having been arranged, the Jemadar (a native official) collects from the neighbouring villages a number of beaters, many of whom bring dogs with them. When all have assembled, a move is made to the place where the foxes are likely to be found, the Jemadar riding on his gaily caparisoned country pony, the "sahibs" on more pretentious Arabs or Australians. The dogs are held in couples by men on foot. The hunting ground being reached, a line is formed, which slowly moves forward.

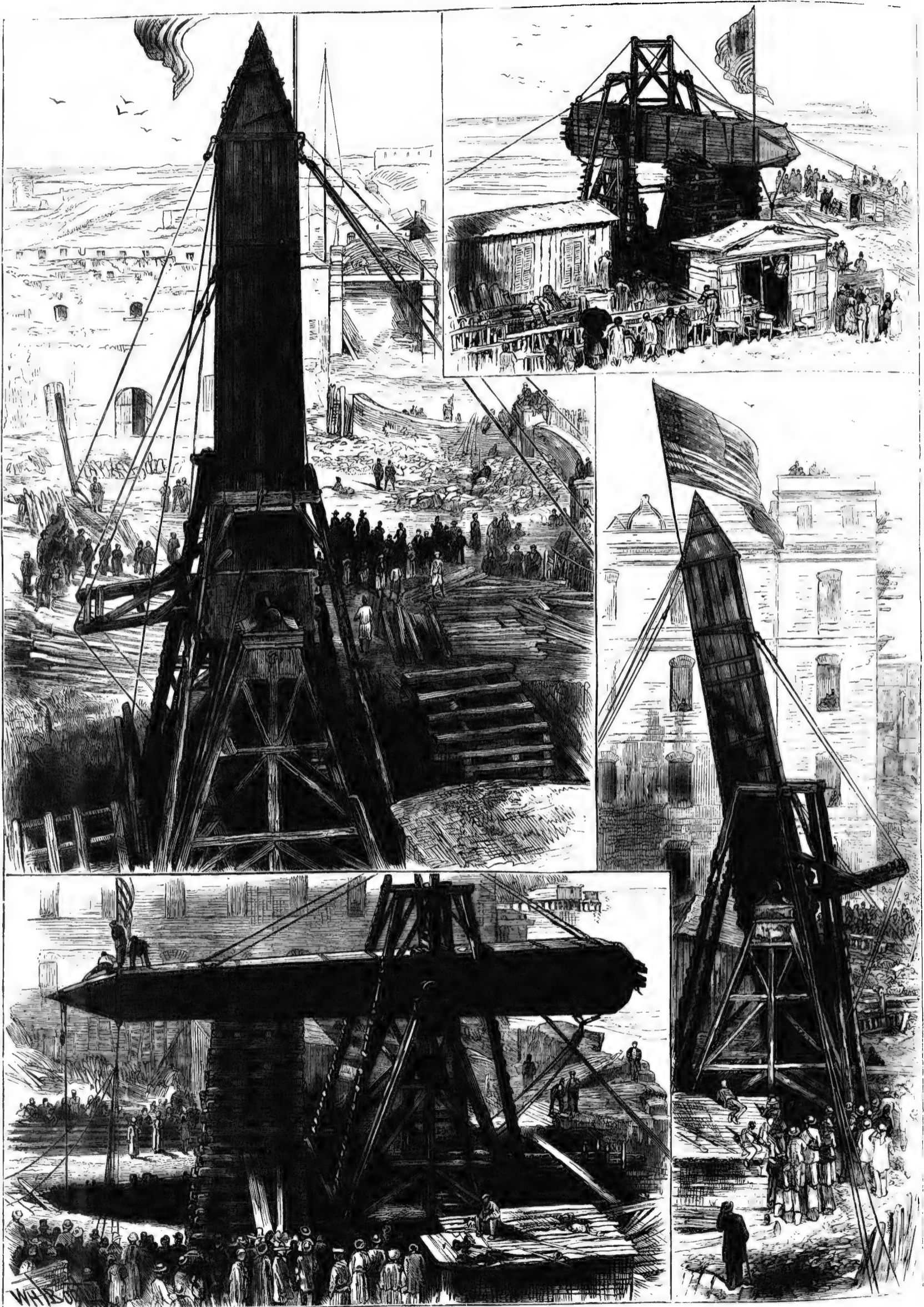
Suddenly a shout from the Jemadar (whose eyes are wonderfully sharp at this work) announces that he has seen a fox. In a moment he has launched his pony at full speed, and with his long hair and loose white clothing flying in the wind, he wildly dashes with loud yells after a pair of greyhounds, who are already in hot chase. At first one is inclined to think that the run will be of very short duration; but it is wonderful with what speed that little grey fox gets over the ground, and with what agility he whisks and doubles round, as his pursuers all but have him in their mouths. Often he manages to reach a friendly hole and safety, and then the line is again formed, and moves on in search of another fox. The Jemadar rides right well, and it is not without considerable effort that the better-mounted sportsmen can hold their own. A week at Mustung was a very pleasant change to the monotony of the Bolan Pass.

G. D. GILES

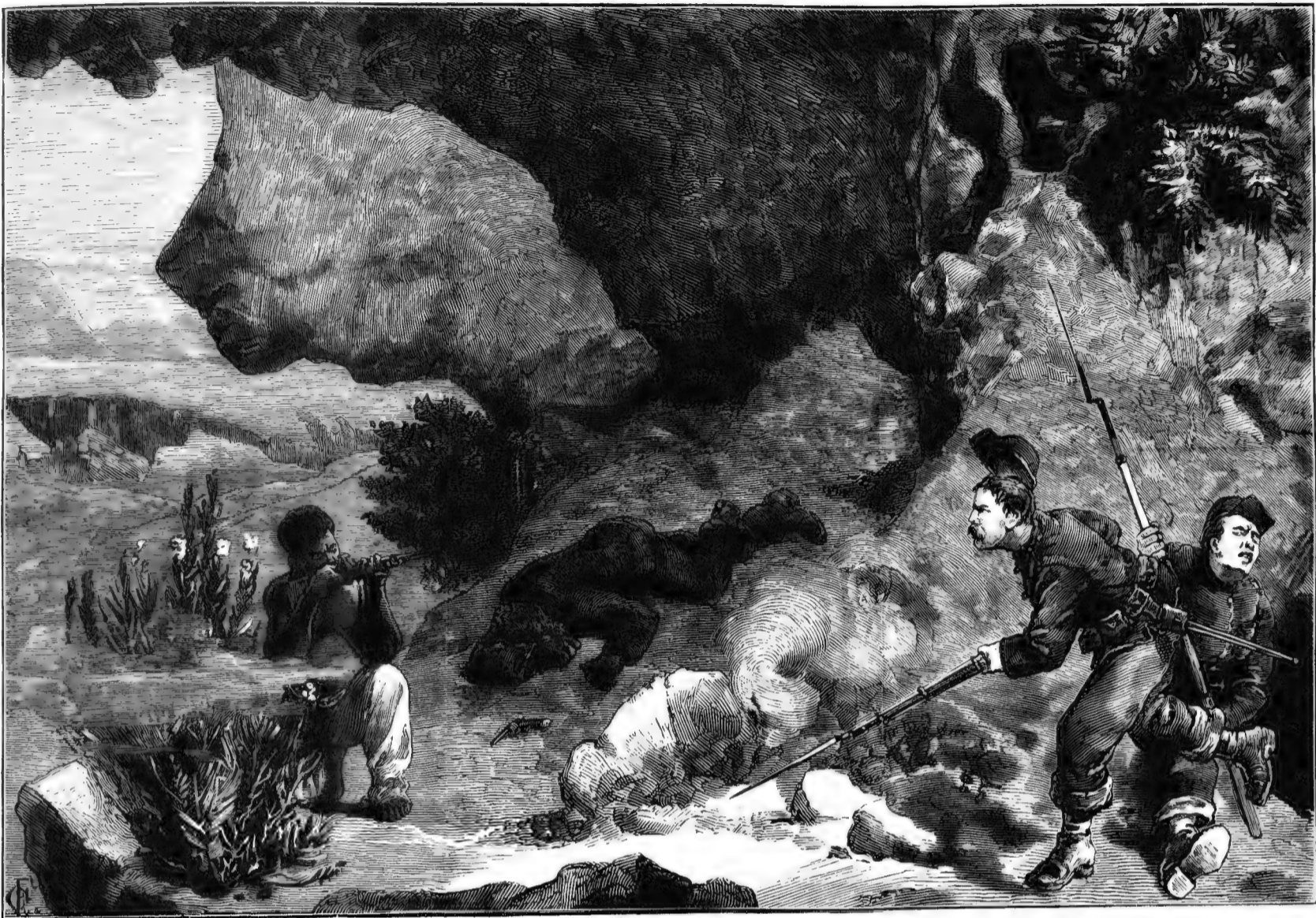
A STATUE TO GEORGE SAND is to be erected at La Châtre, in Berry, close to the Chateau of Nohant, where the authoress spent so much of her life. The scheme for a memorial in Paris near the Odéon was badly supported, but the inhabitants of La Châtre at once subscribed nearly the whole of the necessary funds for a statue in their own town, and the Government has now added the remainder, also promising the marble for the work, which will be executed by M. Aimé Millet.

THE TELEPHONE has lately been utilised in the United States to determine the time of flight of small-arm projectiles, hitherto a matter of great difficulty at long ranges, owing to the impossibility of seeing the projectiles strike. One telephone was placed within a few feet of the gun, and the other in the shelter, about thirty feet in front of the target; while on the instrument being placed to the ear a stop watch, beating fourths of a second, was started at the moment of firing and stopped on the bullet striking. The observations, founded on a large number of experiments, never differed more than a quarter or half of a second from each other, while it was found that the time of transit was varied by the wind, being shortened by a rear and lengthened by a head wind.

ANTI-ORGAN GRINDING.—*Punch* has humorously re-christened the British Isles "the Society Islands." The immense number of organisations which exist for every variety of purpose—good, bad, and indifferent—certainly makes the title not inapt. The question may well be put, however, whether we are not going too far in the direction of society-making. That is doubtless a healthy state of things in which citizens band themselves together to help on good works, either charitable, educational, intellectual, or political. But when it becomes necessary to form associations to enforce regulations which have hitherto been safely left in the hands of the police, the ratepayer will naturally be surprised. Already there is a society for the prevention of dangerous accidents in the streets; but is there really any necessity for the Metropolitan Organ Grinders, Brass Bands, and Other Street Nuisances Suppression Society? Are the bland Italians who play the *pianos mécaniques*, and the frugal Gottliebs, Wilhelms, and Johanns, who manipulate their brass instruments with so much facial contortion, really such turbulent disturbers of the public peace that the police are unable to keep them in check? It seems that there are those who think so, for a society which is to conduct a crusade against these musical aliens has actually been established. What are the "other street nuisances" which the society pledges itself to suppress it would be difficult to conjecture. Old gentlemen with protruding umbrellas, inattentive nursery maids with perambulators, scatterers of orange-peel, and emaciated beggars had probably best beware. If the new association proposes to extend its programme to this extent, its task will be no slight one. For many years to come—that is, until it has drilled London into a proper attention to its conduct in the streets—it will be the most hard-working organisation in these islands. Future generations may be expected, according to the law of heredity, to come into the world with a hatred of street music and a ready developed tendency towards good behaviour, which will ultimately lighten its labours. Meanwhile we would point out that there are some ten thousand police-constables on duty in the metropolis and the suburbs, that most of the ordinary inconveniences of the City and suburban life have been legally settled to be "nuisances," and that application to the nearest policeman is sufficient to ensure their prompt suppression.



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SOUTH AFRICA—THE SCENE OF MOROSI'S DEATH



SOUTH AFRICA—BOER HOSPITALITY

London (whether genuine or not remains to be seen), he had gone about collecting money on behalf of the Turkish refugees, and had received contributions from the Primate, the Bishop of Peterborough, and others.

RIOT AT A REFORMATORY.—Fourteen of the youthful inmates of the Roman Catholic Girls' Reformatory, Old Swan, Liverpool, have been sentenced to three months' hard labour for taking part in the *enquete* which occurred there on Thursday and Friday last week. It appeared that some personal changes which had been made in the management did not meet with their approval, and they accordingly got up in the middle of the night, smashed the windows and some of the furniture, and turned the place into "a perfect Pandemonium." A few took advantage of the confusion to escape, but were soon recaptured by the police.

WRONGFUL DISMISSAL.—Mr. W. Jacques, the late manager of the London Tramways Company (Limited), has recovered 1,000*l.*

damages for wrongful dismissal from his post. The case was heard in the Exchequer Division, before the Lord Chief Baron and a special jury, and occupied eleven days. The defendants had pleaded in justification the misconduct of the plaintiff in stealing their books, in conspiring with other servants to defraud, furnishing goods to the company at exorbitant prices and goods in which he had a pecuniary interest, furnishing incorrect accounts to the auditors, and mismanaging their affairs, but his lordship in summing-up pointed out that there was no evidence in support of these charges. The jury remained out of Court only ten minutes before finding the above verdict, and his lordship refused to stay execution, saying that he fully concurred in the verdict.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.—On Tuesday when the man Heald, whose name has been connected with the Manchester murder, was brought up on remand, the police withdrew the charge of making a false declaration to the Emigration Commissioners, and Heald left

the Court with his friends, the magistrates declining to express any opinion upon his rumoured connection with the murder, as he had never been formally charged with it; and the matter was therefore not officially before them. The High Sheriff of the county has offered an additional 100*l.* reward to the 200*l.* already offered by the Government. The police seem to be entirely without a clue. The man Wells, or Phillips, or whatever his right name may be, who accused himself of the Burton Crescent murder, in order, as he said, to obtain an opportunity of making known the manner in which he had been treated while in prison for another offence, has now been discharged from custody. His complaints against the prison officials appear to have been quite unfounded. Several medical men certified that he was quite sane; but Mr. Flowers, in discharging him, remarked that his statements were precisely of that kind which insane people frequently make, and expressed a hope that he would not again act in so foolish a manner.

BIRTH.
On the 15th ult., at House Andreewa, Narva Street, Reval, Russia, the wife of Lieut. TREWHEELAR, Russian Imperial Navy, of a daughter.

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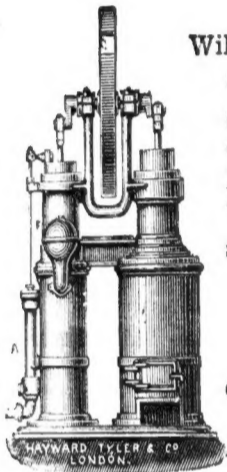
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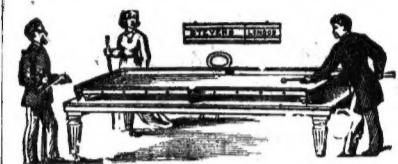
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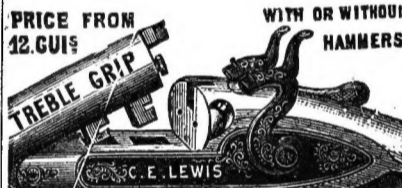
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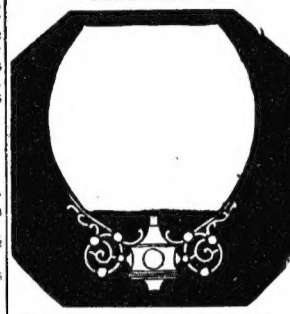
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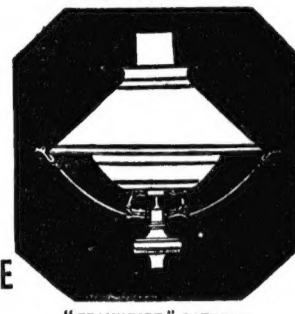
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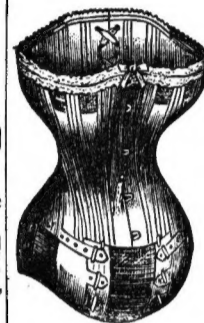
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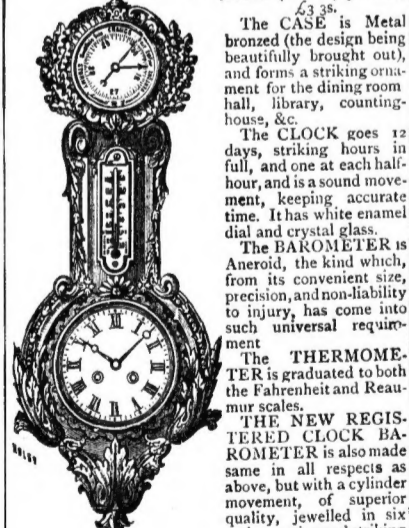
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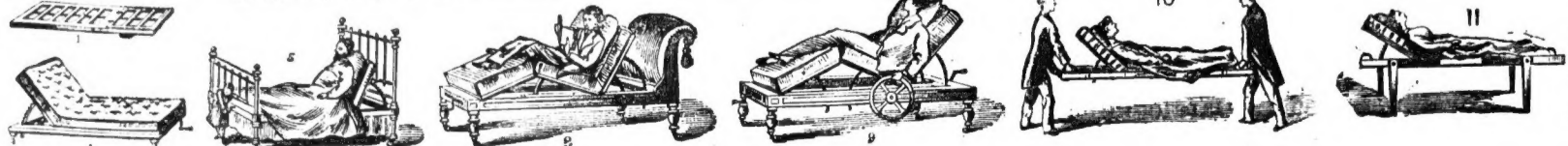
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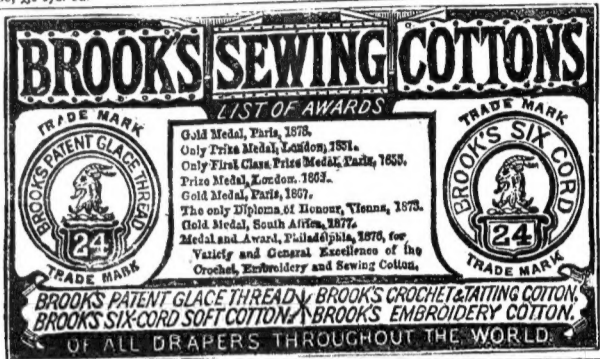
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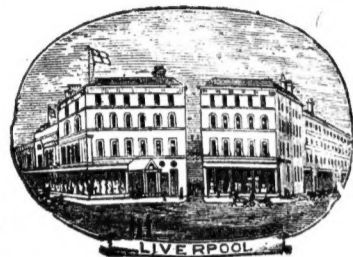
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